TERRY NATION'S

DALEK

annual 1979

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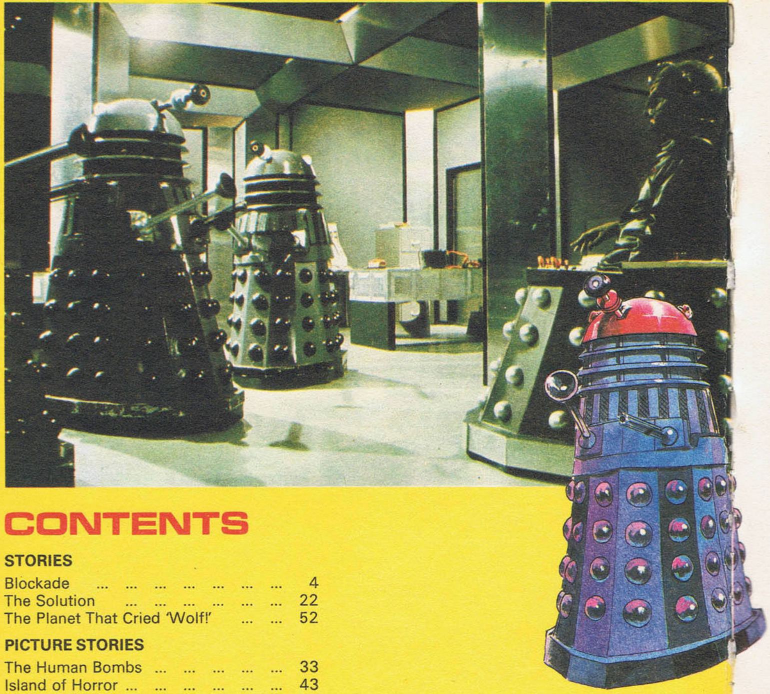

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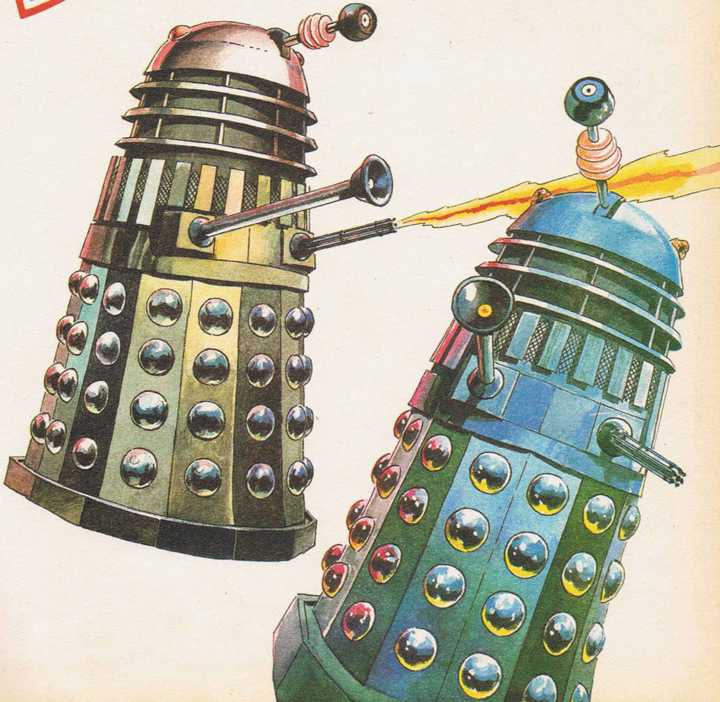
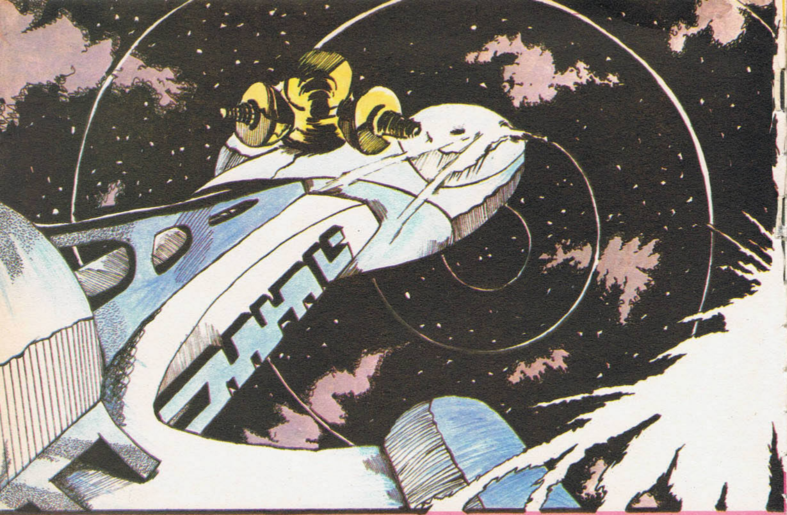




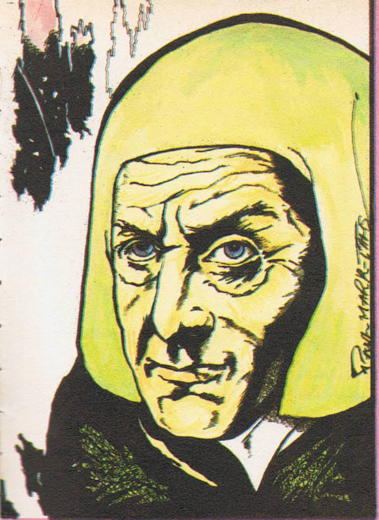
BLOCKADE

Ed Cowley scowled at the computer print-out. Once again he ran his fingers along the reading, checking the shapes against those of the previous print-out. They were the same. He sighed and tugged nervously at the lobe of his ear as he tried to figure it out. It didn't make sense. He punched the buttons a third time, feeding in all the known facts gleaned by his sophisticated sensors and probes. As he punched the last button he lay back and listened to the clicking of the computer. If it came out the same again he'd just have to accept it as fact.

But how could he? Everything he'd ever learned about space told him it was impossible. Admittedly his knowledge was elementary, but even the ADF scientists had never been able to discover life in a black hole. He ripped off the third print-out and read it. It confirmed his fears. Somewhere inside the transdimensional blind spot ahead of him was a planet supporting life.

Of course it wasn't a real black hole. That name, coined when the first imploding stars were discovered, still brought fear to every space traveller's heart. Such a phenomenon would have already drawn his ship inside and reduced it to nothingness. He'd heard all the tales of faults in the space time continuum, of cosmic hurricanes where time and space obeyed different laws, but he'd always put that down as being just another part of the elaborate tapestry of space folklore. After all he was a trader, one of the best, and to earn enough to own the kind of ship he was flying, you couldn't waste time with fairytales.

That's why the readings baffled him. There was an area of space ahead of him that did not fit in with any of the known laws of science.



He thought back to the stories he had once heard and dismissed. Some of the stories told of spaceships entering such areas—none of them told of any coming out. And yet—already his mind was beginning to weigh up the possibilities—none of the stories had mentioned any forms of life. He reasoned that if there was something in there, then whatever it was must have a technology far in advance of that of his own race, a technology that could control time and space. Such knowledge could turn the known universe into a goldfish pond, and make Ed Cowley a very big fish indeed.

But he was a trader, he reminded himself, not a scientist or a soldier. Perhaps the best thing would be to mark the area and report it on his return to his home planet. His ship was fast and strong, the equipment on board was the best money could buy and his force field was the most modern outside of military establishments. If any civilian craft could enter the hole, his could. But then again, it was his one and only life he would be risking.

Cowley's thoughts were brought back to more immediate reality by a large red light flashing on his control panel. Someone else was approaching the hole. He flicked his video switch and activated the scanners.

"Good grief!" he whispered, watching the three menacing ships take up battle positions around him, "Daleks!"

Cowley had never come into direct contact with the Daleks before, but he knew their reputation. He cursed the ADF under his breath. Before he started this trip they had assured him that his route through this sector of space was clear of Daleks. The presence of the three ships told him just how great the threat of the Daleks actually was. That they could maintain a secret base undetected in an area considered safe by the ADF proved both their cunning and their competence. Now, suddenly, all his options were closed. He had to make a dash for it and hope his field took most of the Daleks' firepower. He switched into hyperdrive and aimed his ship for a gap between the second and third Dalek craft.

SSSSSHHHHHMMMMM! His field glowed red as the Daleks opened fire. He kept his course.

SSSSSHHHHHMMMMM! The field glowed purple. Cowley was beginning to panic. The field could absorb just so much energy before it exploded. As it absorbed more and more energy, its colour changed through the spectrum. Once it reached ultra-violet he would have no chance.

The Daleks were hitting him with everything they threw. He wouldn't even make it to the gap between their ships, never mind sneak through and escape. With desperation sharpening his reflexes, he flipped the ship onto its side, dived out of the Daleks' line of fire and headed straight for the hole in space. It was one case where "better the devil you know" just didn't stand up.

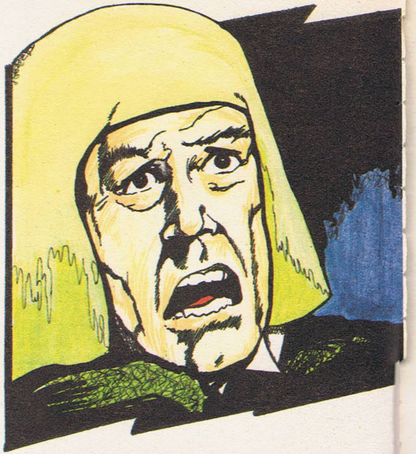
As soon as the Daleks saw what Cowley intended they held their fire. Cowley took advantage of this by strapping himself into his maximum G couch. As he neared the hole he re-checked the information about the planet his scanners told him was there. Size: 0.86 Earth Normal. He left his helmet by his side. It would be unpleasant, but he would survive. Better save the air until he really needed it.

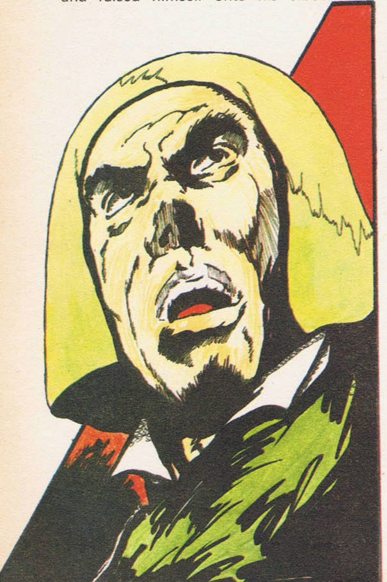
When Cowley's ship hit the hole it shuddered. His sensors registered extreme but erratic pressure on his force field.

He lifted his head to study the readings when suddenly there was an impression of amazing speed, he was thrown back onto the couch and he felt his face beginning to stretch under the tremendous pull. The pressure forced him so deep into the couch that the plastiflex sides were almost meeting above him. His body was rigid. He couldn't move a muscle. He felt as if his brain was being pressed through the back of his skull. He heard alarms and overload warnings ringing throughout his ship and then he lost consciousness.

When he became conscious again, Cowley could scarcely believe he was alive. He felt sleepy. He tried to unfasten the straps that held him to the couch, but his fingers just wouldn't obey the messages from his brain. He stared dreamily at the instruments above his head. The readings made no sense. Was it him? He shook his head as his mind began slowly to clear. No, they had been scrambled, just as thoroughly as his own brain.

Slowly, Cowley unfastened the straps and raised himself onto his elbow. The video flickered haltingly into life, showing a dull yellow sun in the distance. He studied the control panel. The circuits were beginning to stabilise. He turned the video dial for another viewpoint.





"Great balls of fire!" The cry came involuntarily from his lips. The second video picture showed that he was plunging directly towards a planet.

The planet filled the screen, looking dark and forbidding. Small bursts of flame around his force field told him to change his trajectory. If he headed straight down he would burn up when he hit the atmosphere.

His mind slowed by his ordeal, Cowley struggled with the controls. They were equally sluggish in their response. He felt as if he was under water. Everything seemed to take so long.

But eventually he corrected his angle of entry and soon he was through the upper atmosphere. He checked his fuel and started. He had hardly used any.

"Now!" he thought grimly. "If only the automatic lander has recovered."

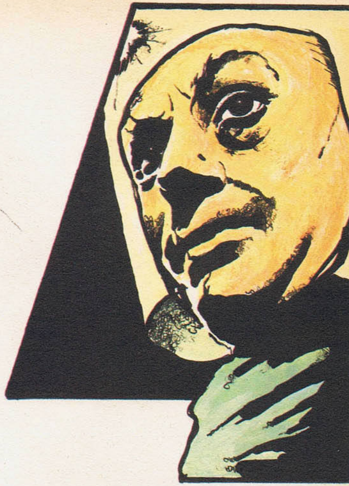
It hadn't. By the time Cowley realised this and switched to manual it was too late. He had a brief glimpse of shrubbery, great expanses of flat ground bordered by straight, neat lines . . . and then he crashed.

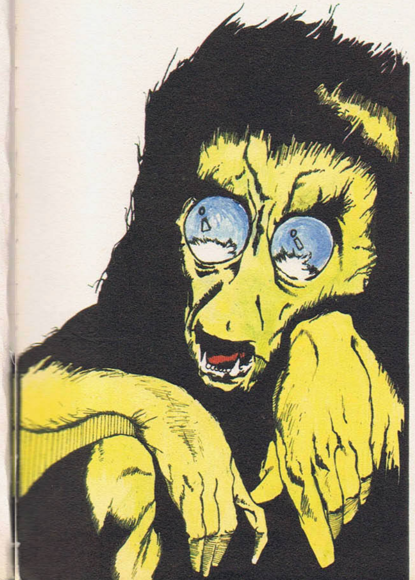
The smell was the first thing he noticed, followed by pain. The smell was bad and so was the pain in his leg. But he was still alive, he thought without relief. If there was such a thing as a God, then he must be saving him for something special. Cowley opened his eyes.

The light was poor, but there was enough of it for Cowley to see . . . and what he saw sent a shock right to his heart.

He was lying on his back on something cold, and on his chest, staring into his eyes, was a creature the size of a cat. The creature had large, dark round eyes, no nose, and a small straight mouth that held little pointed teeth. Its head grew from narrow shoulders, four of them, one on top of the other, and from each shoulder came an incredibly delicate, nimble arm. Below the waist were two thick, powerful legs that ended in large, pincer-like claws. The creature was making sounds he had never heard before.

Cowley raised his head. He felt he was going to be sick. They were all over his body, holding him, studying him, doing things to his suit with hands so fast he could barely follow their movements. There was a particularly large group around his leg—the one that hurt.

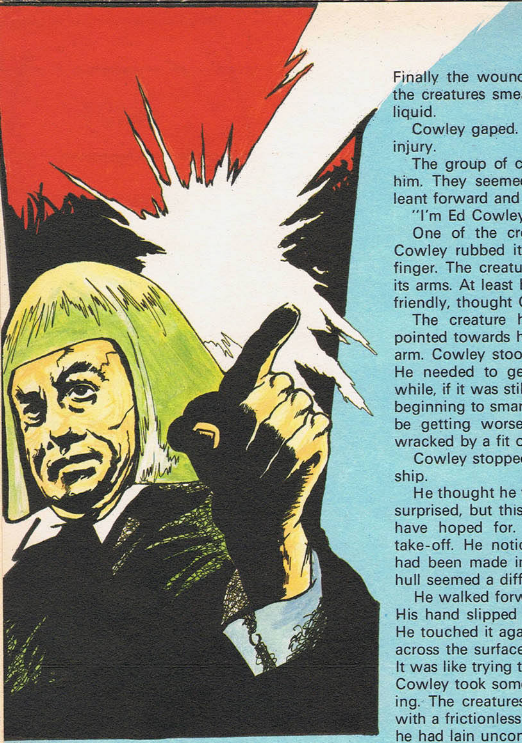




Cowley screamed and sat up, reaching for his gun. It wasn't there. He nearly wept. Even suicide couldn't save him from this nightmare.

When Cowley screamed, the creatures had jumped away from him. They stood around him in a semi circle about four feet away, making noises and gesticulating with their arms. One of them edged forward, carrying his gun. Cowley snatched it from him. He was about to blast the creatures when he stopped. They had done something to his gun. He remembered one of the creatures had been studying his hand. He weighed the gun in his hand. He gripped it and lined up a shot. The gun fitted perfectly. Every contour in his palm was accounted for; it was like an extension of his arm.

Cowley was puzzled. He looked around. His ship was just a large shadow in the gloom. He listened carefully. The creatures were all over it. He thought they were probably looting it. He could hear the sound of metal tearing, and strange grating and humming sounds he could not identify. His



one urge was to save his ship, to get out of this place . . . to escape.

But the businessman in Ed Cowley that had made him rich was beginning to reassert himself. Why should he escape? And if he was going to escape he might as well take a couple of these creatures with him. After all they didn't seem hostile. He looked down at his leg where the pain had been. There was a half-open wound there. He reached down to touch it and three of the creatures rushed forward.

Cowley gritted his teeth against the pain and watched in amazement. Their hands were working furiously on the wound, repairing several veins, replacing lost skin. Finally the wound was closed and one of the creatures smeared it with a transparent liquid.

Cowley gaped. There was no sign of the injury.

The group of creatures stood back from him. They seemed to be waiting. Cowley leant forward and held out his hand.

"I'm Ed Cowley," he said simply.

One of the creatures stepped forward. Cowley rubbed its stomach with his forefinger. The creature rubbed his finger with its arms. At least he knows I'm trying to be friendly, thought Cowley hopefully.

The creature held Cowley's hand and pointed towards his ship with his lower left arm. Cowley stood up and began walking. He needed to get back in his ship for a while, if it was still habitable. His eyes were beginning to smart and the smell seemed to be getting worse. As he walked he was wracked by a fit of coughing.

Cowley stopped about six yards from his ship.

He thought he was getting used to being surprised, but this was more than he could have hoped for. His ship was ready for take-off. He noticed that slight alterations had been made in the design and that the hull seemed a different colour.

He walked forward and touched the hull. His hand slipped as if it were made of ice. He touched it again, and his hand wobbled across the surface. He couldn't keep it still. It was like trying to catch a blob of mercury. Cowley took some time to grasp the meaning. The creatures had redesigned his ship with a frictionless surface . . . all in the time he had lain unconscious.

Cowley pondered the implications. These creatures, working away in their thousands with unimaginable dexterity, were potentially the greatest thing that could have happened to him. The possibilities were endless. He laughed. To think that he, Ed Cowley, had thought of suicide. The planet was no longer a twilight world of nocturnal demons, but an all-purpose factory that would make him the richest man in the universe. He was planning his next move when he heard the explosion.

The Daleks! They must have followed him through! Already some of the creatures were moving off into the gloom towards the sound. Cowley followed them at a distance.

There was the sound of another ship crashing as Cowley hurried along. When he could make out the first ship he lay down among the creatures and watched. A Dalek came out through a hole in the wreckage. It was turning round and round and moving without purpose. The passage through the hole must have affected them even more than it did me, he thought with satisfaction.

The creatures were swarming round the Daleks. A chain of them climbed up the side, inspecting, touching, working. Suddenly the Dalek stopped. A massive blast leapt from its gun, scattering the creatures.

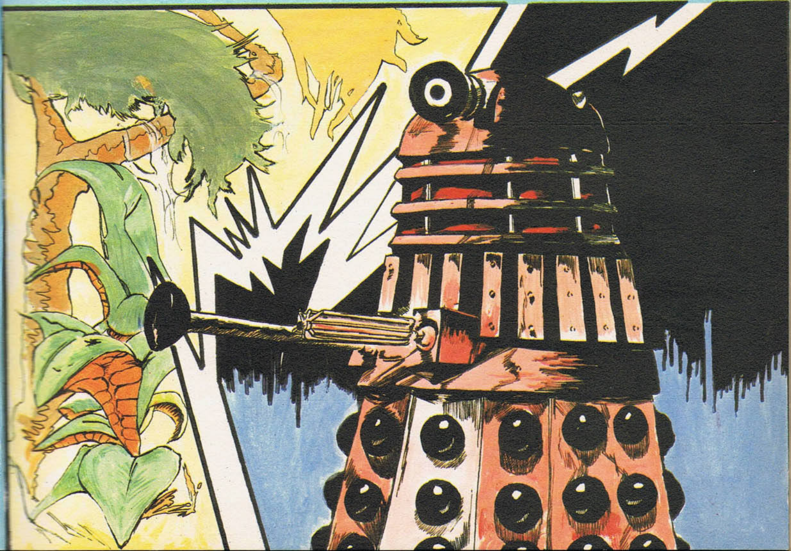
"Stay-back-or-be-exterminated!" The cold clipped tones of the Dalek's voice made Cowley shudder. What could the creatures do?

One of them edged forward, proferring a slip of metal. The Dalek inspected it carefully before moving back to his ship. All at once Cowley saw all his dreams of riches fading. How could he explain to the creatures the menace of the Daleks? How could he tell them what would happen if the Daleks had access to such wonderful skills as theirs?

Cowley stood up and ran back to his ship. The door opened automatically for him. He barely noticed all the little improvements that had been made to the interior. He knew what he had to do. These creatures who seemed to work instinctively, improving mechanical designs, couldn't be expected to understand the conflicts of the world outside the hole so well. He couldn't even speak their language.

Cowley made sure there were no creatures on board and then hit the lift-off button. His craft shot smoothly off into the sky, moving faster than he had ever known it. His redesigned control panel gave him the position of the entrance to the hole. He set a course and lay on his Maximum G couch.

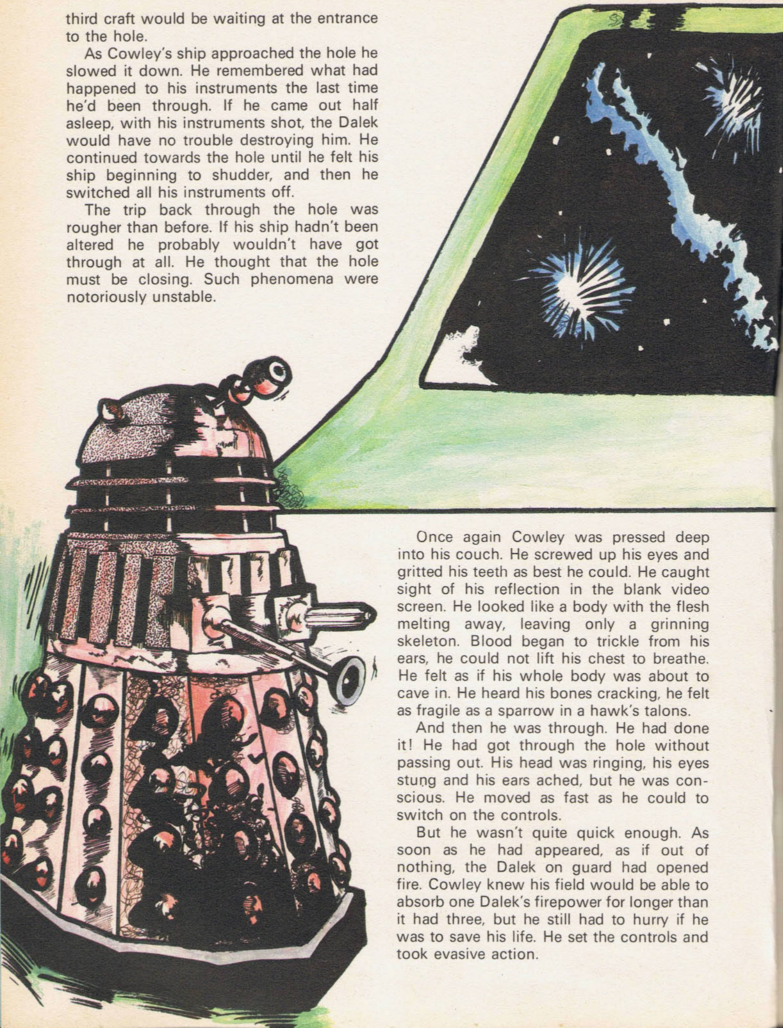
There had been two crashes that Cowley heard. Unless the other Dalek craft had gone down somewhere else. . . . No, Cowley knew that couldn't be. Both the Daleks' ships and his own had been virtually out of control. With allowances for size and weight, almost every ship that came through the hole would land in the same area. And the Daleks were not stupid enough to risk all three ships. Cowley rubbed his chin. The



third craft would be waiting at the entrance to the hole.

As Cowley's ship approached the hole he slowed it down. He remembered what had happened to his instruments the last time he'd been through. If he came out half asleep, with his instruments shot, the Dalek would have no trouble destroying him. He continued towards the hole until he felt his ship beginning to shudder, and then he switched all his instruments off.

The trip back through the hole was rougher than before. If his ship hadn't been altered he probably wouldn't have got through at all. He thought that the hole must be closing. Such phenomena were notoriously unstable.



Once again Cowley was pressed deep into his couch. He screwed up his eyes and gritted his teeth as best he could. He caught sight of his reflection in the blank video screen. He looked like a body with the flesh melting away, leaving only a grinning skeleton. Blood began to trickle from his ears, he could not lift his chest to breathe. He felt as if his whole body was about to cave in. He heard his bones cracking, he felt as fragile as a sparrow in a hawk's talons.

And then he was through. He had done it! He had got through the hole without passing out. His head was ringing, his eyes stung and his ears ached, but he was conscious. He moved as fast as he could to switch on the controls.

But he wasn't quite quick enough. As soon as he had appeared, as if out of nothing, the Dalek on guard had opened fire. Cowley knew his field would be able to absorb one Dalek's firepower for longer than it had three, but he still had to hurry if he was to save his life. He set the controls and took evasive action.

Cowley's ship responded magnificently. Whatever the creatures had done made the original design seem crude. The Dalek was hardly hitting him at all. He flew straight at the Dalek, dipped beneath him, executed the tightest of turns and fired. The Dalek ship exploded immediately.

Ed Cowley brought his ship to a stop and bent, shaking, over the controls. The power in his guns had been increased ten times at least. The thought of the Daleks in charge of such firepower was boggling. It would mean slavery or death for the rest of the universe.

And the Daleks already have such firepower, he thought. Down there, through that rip in space, they were probably testing their new weapons right now, exploiting the trust of their hosts, learning enough to make certain of their victory against the rest of the cosmos. Cowley shuddered and moved his ship to a better vantage point over the hole. This was one genie that was going to stay in the bottle. It had to. All that stood between the Daleks and the destruction of entire planets was the cork. Him. Ed Cowley.

As he waited for the Daleks to appear, Cowley recorded the facts of his journey into a tape machine. If he didn't make it, he wanted to make sure the ADF was warned. His instruments told him that the hole was getting smaller. Maybe the Daleks wouldn't make it out at all. Even if they did, they should be too shaken up to give him much trouble.

Cowley was feeling tired. He'd lost track of time altogether. He knew he had to stay awake. He knew he had to be ready. He longed to close his eyes just for a second. He longed to relax his aching muscles just long enough to stretch himself. He longed to . . .

Suddenly it was there, shooting straight out of the hole. The ship had been modified, just as his own had.

Cowley fired. A red circle lit up round the Dalek ship.

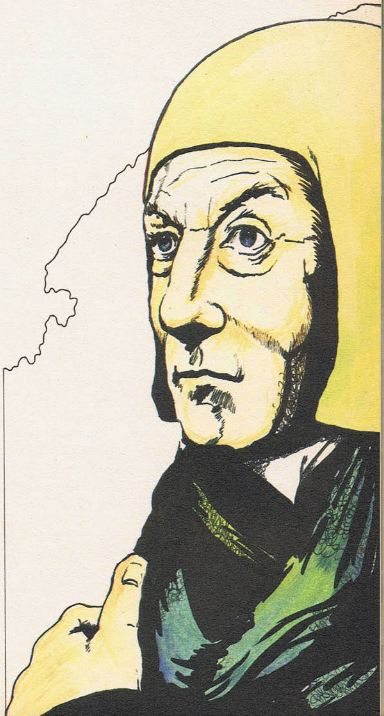
"Blast!" muttered Cowley. "They've even improved the field."

As the Dalek ship ponderously began to take evasive action, Cowley poured on the firepower. The creatures had done a magnificent conversion job with the Daleks' force field, but they had also designed the weapons Cowley was using. Slowly the field began to change colour, edging towards ultra-violet.

But would there be enough time? Already the Daleks were re-orientating themselves after their trip through the hole and their manoeuvrings were getting faster and more complicated. Cowley hoped he could hold out just long enough.

And then the second Dalek ship appeared. As it wallowed through space, a sitting duck, Cowley was still locked in combat with its companion ship. The Dalek force field colour was almost ultra-violet.

There was a tremendous explosion and the sky lit up a brilliant white as the Dalek ship exploded. Cowley's craft was buffeted for what seemed like hours. Cowley himself



was in a frenzy, wrestling with the controls with all his might, trying desperately to get the second Dalek ship in his sights.

When he did, he opened up with everything he had. The screen showed the Dalek field light up a vivid red, but this time the Daleks had been given time to recover. With Cowley following their every twist and turn they raced round, up and down, firing in short bursts, hoping to turn the tables on their attacker.

But Cowley could not be shaken off. He knew he had to give them a sustained burst to explode their force field . . . and that was exactly what he intended to give them. Sweat poured down his face and he heard strange noises coming from his throat.

He was surprised to find he was laughing. And laughing he was: Ed Cowley, shrewd Ed Cowley, the fence sitter, the exploiter, the supreme trader was fighting to the death with a Dalek spaceship. And laughing. His grip tightened on the gun controls and his laughter grew louder and louder. His knuckles shone white and his face, split by a half-mad leer, was looking upward at the video screen with wide, wild eyes.

And that was how Joel Shaw found him, some three days later. The explosions had been monitored by a free orbit communications satellite and the information had been relayed to ADF headquarters. Shaw and Ed Wilkins had gone up to investigate. They had listened to Cowley's last tape in silence.

"Well, at least the hole's closed now," said Wilkins as he watched Shaw unwrap Cowley's lifeless fingers from the gun controls. "Who'd have thought a merchant like Cowley could put up a successful blockade."

Joel Shaw was silent as he tested the guns. They were empty.

"But did he?" he asked, his voice faltering slightly, as if he didn't want the words to come out.

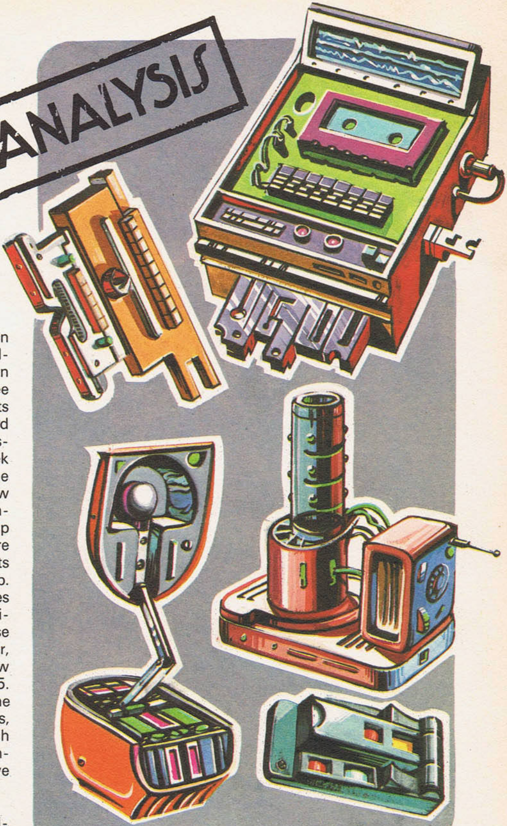
"Eh?" asked Wilkins. "What do you mean?"

"The comm-sat," said Shaw, "recorded only two explosions."

There was a silence as Shaw's words sunk in. Wilkins put his head in his hands.

"God help us all."

REPAIR ANALYSIS



A Dalek ship travelling in outer space begins malfunctioning. The malfunction affects the craft in three different ways. The lights dim, there is a high pitched whine and the guidance system breaks down. The Dalek leader is convinced that the fault lies among the five new components fitted to the central computer before the ship took off, but he is not sure which of the components affect which parts of the ship.

The Dalek leader carries out four controlled experiments to pinpoint the cause and effect. To make it easier, we have numbered the new components 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5.

These are the results of the tests. Using these findings, can you find out which components are malfunctioning and what effect they have on the ship?

When the Dalek leader activated components 2, 3 and 5 the lights dimmed and the high pitched whine could be heard.

When the Dalek leader activated components 1, 3, 4 and 5 the high pitched whine was still there and the guidance system broke down.

When the Dalek leader activated components 1, 2, 3 and 4 the lights dimmed and the guidance system broke down.

When the Dalek leader activated components 1. 2, 3 and 5 the lights dimmed, there was a high pitched whine and the guidance system broke down.

Can you work out which component is responsible for which malfunction?

Check your answers on page **60**

THE DALEK FILE (1)

ANATOMY OF A DALEK

This test is for new applicants hoping to be accepted as recruits. Applicants must study the information on the Daleks given below. They must then answer the five questions below without referring back to the text. Less than 100 per cent success means an applicant will not be considered for further training.

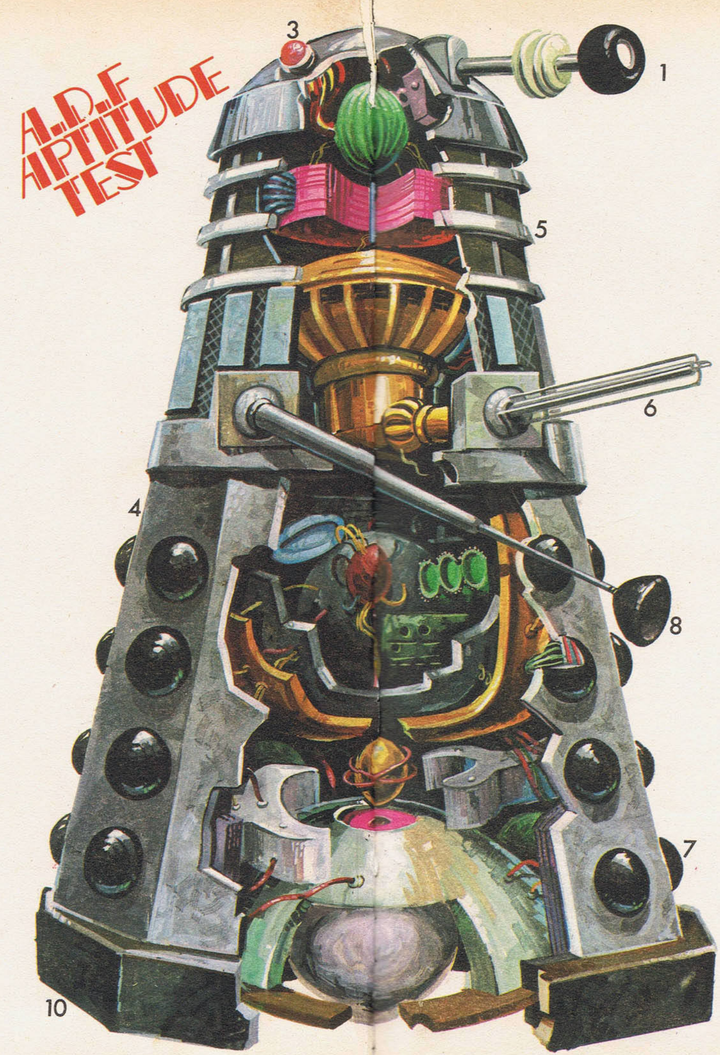
1. The Dalek eye is a wide-angle lens that transmits images to a screen inside the Dalek casing. The lens is protected by a shutter that operates automatically to insulate the delicate lens mechanism from cosmic rays. The main blind spot is immediately behind the Dalek.

2. The Dalek voice is actually a series of artificially produced noises that are translated from the Dalek's thoughts. Daleks have no vocal chords, and the 'Noise Telepathy' unit in the dome of the Dalek amplifies the Dalek's thoughts into sound patterns acceptable to the listener's brain, whatever language the listener might speak.

3. Energy dispersers are vital to the Dalek's survival. Dalek cells often become overcharged and these bulbs disperse the excess energy through red heat and supersonic squeals beyond the range of human hearing. Without these release valves overcharged Daleks would explode.

4. The Dalek's outer casing is made of Dalekenium, a metal found only on the Planet Skaro. Dalekenium registers on Spectro-scanners, and is ten times stronger than steel and one quarter the weight of aluminium.

5. These super sensitive bands vibrate when there is a malfunction in the Dalek system. At present these vibrations can only be detected by Dalek repair technicians, but ADF scientists are at this moment developing a scanner that will enable ADF agents to detect the vibrations. Daleks with vibrating bands act in a manner that cannot be predicted.



6. The Dalek Blast Gun is capable of producing electrical discharges of similar intensity to a bolt of lightning. The power source for the Blast Gun is a dynamatic unit inside the Dalek's casing.

7. Dalek sensitivity is increased by these ultra sensitive globes. Although the Dalek eye cannot see directly behind it, these sensory globes pick up any movement or change of temperature and relay the information for immediate analysis.

8. The Sucker Cup on the Dalek control arm gives the Daleks far more manual dexterity than might be imagined. The vacuum created by the cup enables the Dalek to lift amazing weights, and the rod in the centre of the cup fits directly into a Dalek Hoverbout control column, giving the Dalek perfect control.

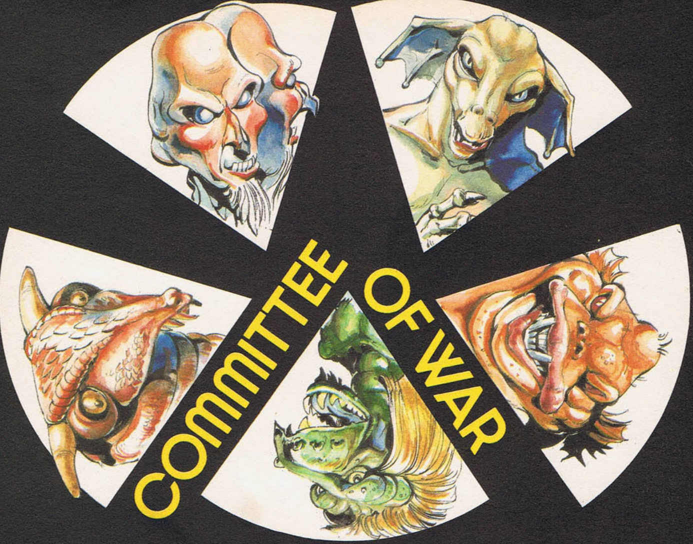
9. Inside the lower casing is the Atractavon, a magnet so powerful that it enables Daleks to travel smoothly up walls as easily as on the floor. The Atractavon can compensate any angle of movement.

10. The Dalek Fenders were brought in after Daleks kept bumping into each other when operating at full power in battle conditions, often endangering other Daleks fighting in tight formations.

After studying the information, you have thirty seconds to answer the questions below. Check your answers above after the time limit has passed. Successful applicants are invited to attempt The Dalek File (2), the second ADF aptitude test.

1. How heavy is Dalekenium in relation to aluminium?
2. What purpose do the bulbs on the Daleks' domes have?
3. What kind of lens is incorporated in the Dalek 'eye'?
4. What is the name of the magnet that enables Daleks to travel up walls?
5. How can a Dalek malfunction be detected?

COMMITTEE OF WAR



The Daleks decided to call in the most talented races from the Outer Planets to form a committee of war. Joel Shaw got wind of the Daleks' plans and sent special agent Lars Koal to investigate. Koal managed to relay some scraps of information before his messages abruptly ceased.

Despite the incomplete information, it was vital that Joel Shaw discover just who was at the meeting and what they were being asked to do. The planets represented, in order of military strength, were: Amna, Gred, Seelo, Mitwahi, Estipar. Their particular skills, in no particular order, were those of machine maintenance, frontal attacks, covering fire, organisation and spying. The Daleks thought that with these races as allies rather than adversaries, they could achieve their aims of cosmic domination that much quicker. Shaw wanted to know exactly who was planning what so he could furnish the United Planets' Parliament with comprehensive counter-plans.

Joel Shaw was given a lead by the bickering over who should sit where at the conference table. Although he missed hearing the final placings, Koal heard a lot of the arguments. This is the information that Koal was able to transmit:

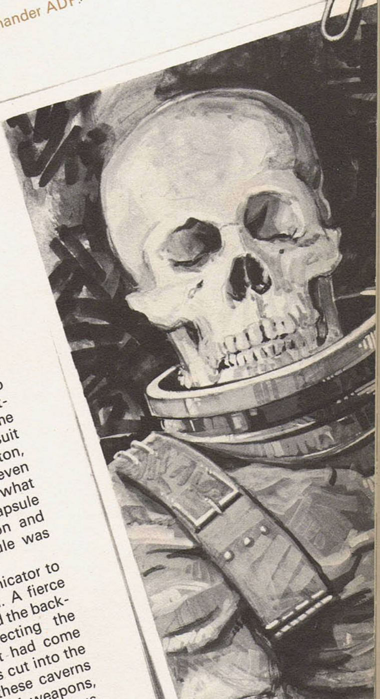
The table was round. The Daleks did not take a place at the table. To avoid arguments, no two representatives of similar strength were placed next to each other. (None that appear next to each other on the list above). The Seelo representative refused to sit on the Amna representative's left. The Gred representative was seated between the covering fire experts and the organisation experts. The frontal attack and covering fire specialists, one of whom was the Mitwahi representative, were not sitting next to each other. The Amna representative was not the machine maintenance expert.

From these garbled, seemingly unrelated pieces of information, Joel Shaw was able to build up a complete picture of who was sitting where at the table and what each one's particular skills were. Using the same information as Shaw received, can you unscramble the mess of facts?

Check your answer on page 60

SPECIAL REPORT

From: Space Major Joel Shaw, Supreme Commander ADF.
To: President Cal Tarrant,
Leader of the United Planets' Parliament.
Report Rating: Maximum priority.
Subject: Recent findings on the moon.

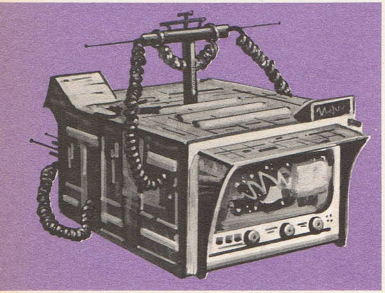


Three days ago ADF member Himlein Shtock disappeared while on a solo reconnaissance mission on the dark side of the moon. He had been investigating sudden powerful emissions of energy reported by the regular patrol. Humanoid Robot Agent Mark Seven was despatched to check out the mysterious disappearance.

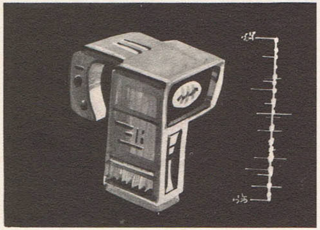
Seven located the wreckage of an ADF reconnaissance ship and went down to investigate. Radiation readings were reported as high. He found a survival suit some 300 yards from the wrecked craft. The suit was intact and contained a skeleton, believed to be that of agent Shtock. Seven was searching the area for clues to what might have happened when a large capsule emerged from the dust of the moon and opened fire on his ship. The capsule was controlled by Daleks.

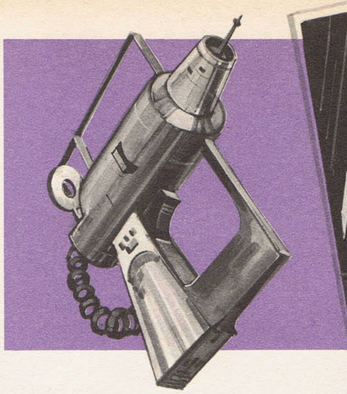
Seven used his built-in communicator to bring a back-up crew into action. A fierce battle took place before Seven and the back-up crew triumphed. On inspecting the capsule they discovered that it had come from one of many deep caverns cut into the moon's surface. On entering these caverns the crew found huge stocks of weapons, many of which were unknown to us.

Visiograph Prints of these weapons are included below.
Provisional Classification: Voltesizer, (Small arms).
Capability: An audio visual weapon, blinding the victim with tremendous light and debilitating him with subsonic waves. A single gun could render incapable more than three hundred unprotected humans at one time.
Effect: Permanent loss of sight and hearing. Severe damage to internal organs. Prolonged exposure (two minutes or more) results in the death of the victim.

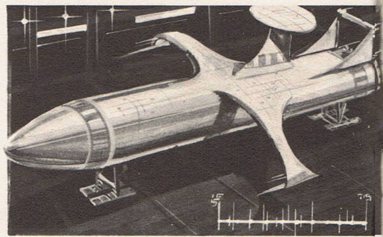


Provisional Classification: Mindseeker, (Tactical).
Capability: A missile with self-generating fuel reactors. Designed to travel through space for thousands of years. Sensitive probes detect sentient life forms. Mindseeker programmed to emit electrical impulses that nullify brain waves of all known species.
Effect: Total apathy. Mental stagnation. Eventual death by starvation.

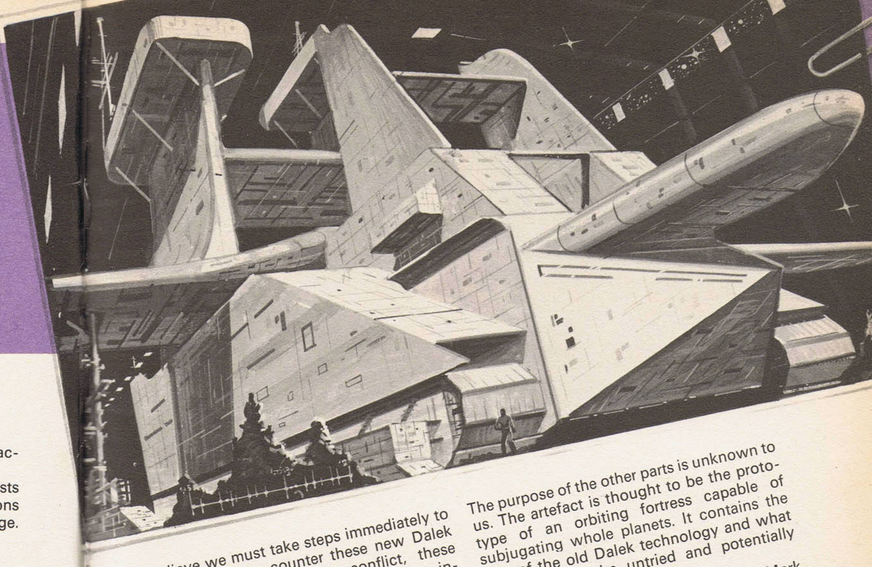




Provisional Classification: Zoenigger, (Tactical).
Capability: Unspecified, but original tests suggest it can direct electrical explosions along light waves. Virtually limitless range.
Effect: Death.



Provisional Classification: Spore grenade, (Strategic).
Capability: Small grenade that explodes in the upper atmosphere, releasing thousands of mutant spores to spread over the planet. Previous information suggests Daleks have already developed spores that feed off humans as well as plants.
Effect: Death and the destruction of the planet.



I believe we must take steps immediately to find weapons to counter these new Dalek inventions. In an all-out conflict, these weapons give the Daleks an almost insurmountable advantage. New counters must be introduced immediately.

But even with counters I believe we are faced with a danger so grave we might never overcome it. On investigating the caverns, the crew came across a massive artefact in an underground chamber of exceptional size. Mark Seven drew the enclosed picture from his memory circuits. The components he was able to recognise included:

1. A Time-Space Visualiser
2. An Antigravitator
3. An Audospectron
4. A Megaray
5. A Vibroscopic Disintegrator
6. Strategic Sound Cannon System
7. A Vaskat Multi-Torpedo Launcher
8. A Flesh Disperser

The purpose of the other parts is unknown to us. The artefact is thought to be the prototype of an orbiting fortress capable of subjugating whole planets. It contains the best of the old Dalek technology and what we believe to be untried and potentially disastrous weapons.

After locating the object, Agent Mark Seven left two men on guard and returned to HQ for some heavy digging equipment. When he returned, the object, the guards, and the weapons they had left behind had gone. It is my belief that the Daleks have possession of this object again and are planning to use it on earth as soon as it is operational.

In the present circumstances, our chances of defeating such an orbital weapon are nil.

I await your orders.

S.M. Joel Shaw.

Joel Shaw

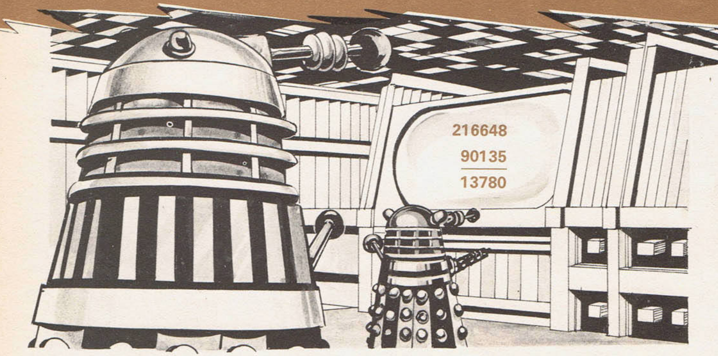
NUMBER SLIP

Mathematics is an almost universal language. The laws of mathematics are constant almost everywhere in the universe. That is why the Dornns, when they first decided to try to make friendly contact with other races in the universe, sent out a series of mathematical formulae as a measure of their intelligence.

Unfortunately for the Dornns, the Daleks were the first intelligent life form to pick up their message, a simple subtraction sum. When the Daleks studied the subtraction, they found it was all wrong, until their decoding experts noticed that it would be perfect if all the numbers were one more or one less than the ones written down.

The Daleks had previously been planning to ignore the Dornns as too primitive and too stupid to bother conquering. The slip in the numbers, due probably to foreign elements in the ether, changed their minds. They decided that the Dorns were intelligent enough to serve the Daleks, and they attacked them and put the planet to slavery.

The incorrect message that marked the Dornns' first attempts at communication outside their own solar system appears below. Each number is either one more or one less than it should be. Can you find the right numbers?



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90135
13780

Answer on page **60**

KIDNAP on KASBY

Damon Zarl, head of the Dalek controlled puppet government on the planet colony of Kasby, has been kidnapped by extremists in protest against Dalek atrocities. Vill, the leader of the extremists, has been captured by the Daleks and has had a truth drug administered into his brain.

Vill's amazing mental powers—the Daleks are hoping to learn the secrets of the Kasbian mind before exterminating them—have enabled him to resist much of the interrogation. Yet because he is an idealist, he cannot tell a lie. In the end, the Daleks extracted three separate and truthful statements from Vill before death spared him any further punishment.

The statements are reprinted below. Would you be able to find Damon Zarl?

Statement one:

If you don't fail to find Zarl it is because you haven't searched near the cabin near the Mountain of Mooth.

Statement two:

If you can't find Zarl it is because you haven't looked in the Kasbian Sea caves.

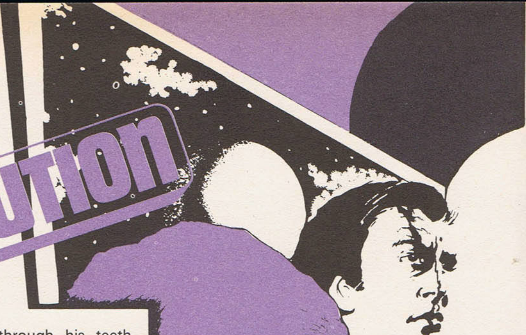
Statement three:

You can't both find Zarl and not fail to look in the abandoned rocket sites.

Where is Zarl? The Daleks had recaptured him within the hour. How well could you do?

Check your answer on page **60**

THE SOLUTION



Joel Shaw whistled through his teeth and turned to Mark Seven.

"Neutron bombs?" he asked.

Mark Seven studied the screen. Except for the shape of the land masses, the greeny blue planet might well have been Earth. Much of its surface was oceanic and there was a thick layer of cloud. Not enough cloud, however, to mask the continual winking, flashing lights and spreading orange glow that told them an atomic war of horrendous proportions was taking place below.

"Neutrons, lasers, cyclatomics—you name it and they're probably using it. It's a wonder there's anyone left alive to fight."

"But we know there is, Mark, unless that message we received was pre-recorded."

Shaw moved across the cabin of the small ADF reconnaissance ship and switched on the radio again, turning the dials, changing the frequency, trying to find once again the halting voice that had brought them there. The voice had been weary, frightened, and the message had been simple: "Help. Under attack by Dalek forces. Help."

Shaw listened to the crackle of static. He switched the radio off.

"Nothing. The Daleks have probably wiped them all out."

Mark Seven was silent. Shaw could almost hear the circuits working in the robot's brain.

Finally, Seven spoke. "When we received the first message, there was a lull in the fighting, wasn't there?"

"That's right, and as soon as the fighting started again, the message stopped. Probably a direct hit on their communications section."

"Not necessarily. The neutron bombs the Daleks are using penetrate all forms of matter. The only defence against them would be a force field, and a field strong enough to keep out neutronic radiation—"

"Would be too strong to allow radio waves to pass out of it—I see what you're getting at, Mark. While they're under attack they're unable to transmit."

"Exactly. And while they're under attack it will be impossible for us to get down there and help. It looks as if the fighting has to stop before we can regain contact, and by then it may be too late."

Shaw looked past Seven's shoulder at the video screen image of the planet.

"We'll soon find out," he said, turning back to the radio. "The fighting appears to have stopped."

Shaw flipped on the radio switch and ran through the different frequencies. It was almost a minute before the faint, crackling voice was located.

"Help . . . Under attack by Daleks . . . Time is short . . . Help . . ."

Shaw moved his mouth to the transmitter.

"ADF reconnaissance crew here. We intercepted your message while returning from a mission. What's going on down there?"

The voice remained weary, but there was a hint of hope in the phrasing.

"ADF? Well, we've sure struck lucky. Lou Corby, here—Supreme Commander of Scottus Defence Force. Have you enough men to repulse a full scale Dalek invasion? What is your strike capability?"

"There's two of us, but we'll do all we can. We have fought the Daleks before." Shaw shied away from military jargon.

The voice on the radio gave a bitter laugh.

"Two of you? In the two days we've been under attack, the Daleks have wiped out nearly all of our population."

Shaw noticed that the desperation had returned to the man's voice. He knew Commander Corby was ready to break off communications.

"Listen, how come you've got your force field down?"

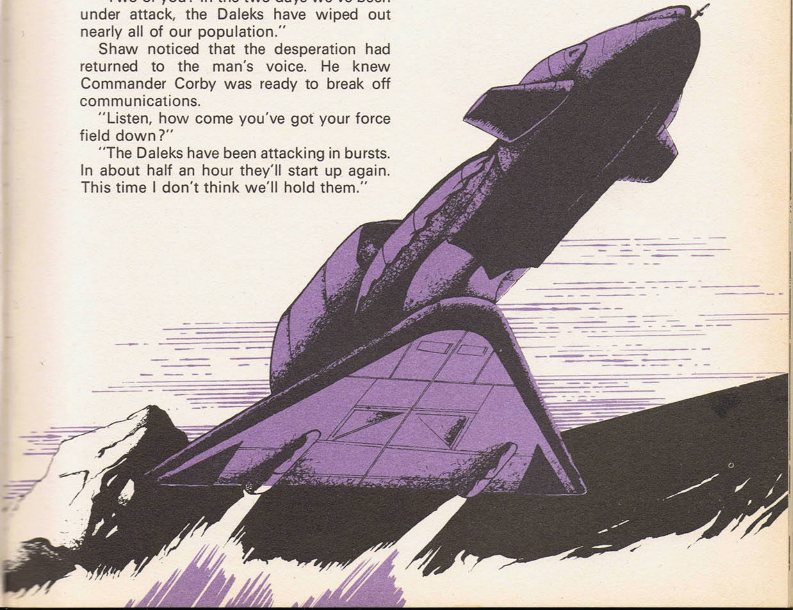
"The Daleks have been attacking in bursts. In about half an hour they'll start up again. This time I don't think we'll hold them."

"Then keep your shield open as long as you can. We're coming down."

Shaw switched off the radio and started piloting the ship towards the planet. As they homed in on the point of transmission, Mark Seven repeated all the information about the planet that was stored in the circuits of his brain.

"The planet Scottus, colonised 197 years ago. Fifteen years ago granted permission to commence anthropological experiment in independence. Fiercely individual inhabitants voted for independent development without contact with or protection from other planets. Thousands left before start of experiment, but even more came from other planets to join. Little heard from them in last fifteen years."

"Yes, I remember all the fuss about it," said Shaw as he guided the ADF craft across the clear blue water of the planet's surface. They passed over the smouldering wrecks

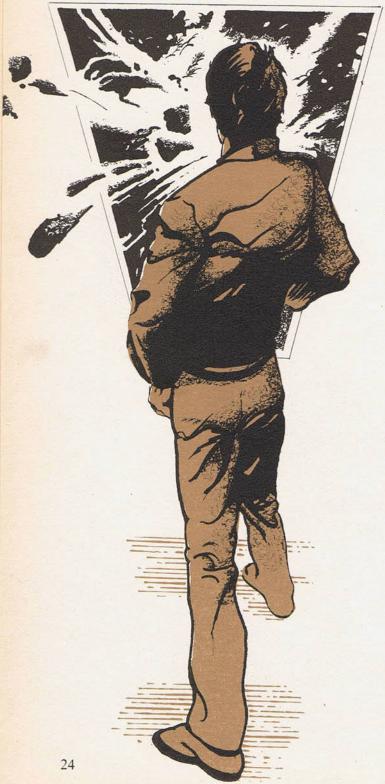


of huge warships, floating helpless and unmanned, still in formation, devastated by the superior Dalek weaponry. "Better strap yourself in, Mark, we're going to have to pass over some Dalek positions."

Mark Seven strapped himself into the seat next to Shaw. Almost immediately the ship was rocked by an explosion nearby.

"They've seen us," breathed Shaw grimly. "Hang on tight and be thankful they're still re-charging the bigger stuff."

There was another dull thud and a smoke-wreathed flash of light, this time a lot nearer. Shaw started varying his speed and zig-zagging with the agility that had earned him his reputation as one of the finest pilots in the ADF. Another explosion ripped through one of the fins. The Daleks were getting their range.



"Another ten seconds and we should be past them."

"Fourteen point six," corrected Mark Seven, computing the Dalek firepower against their speed, "Thirteen . . . twelve . . . eleven . . ."

A white light blinded them and the whole of the cabin seemed to explode. Seven looked across at Shaw, who was lying across the controls with blood pouring from a wound above his ear. Shards of red-hot metal and clouds of thick black smoke blew in from the gaping hole in front of him. The ship was going down.

Seven unfastened himself and dragged Shaw from his seat. Another explosion shook the ship and threw him to the floor. He got up and took charge of the controls. As the ship hurtled to the ground he checked his instruments. Amazingly the ship retained sixty-three percent operational capacity. Seven took her out of the dive about fifty feet above the surface of the planet.

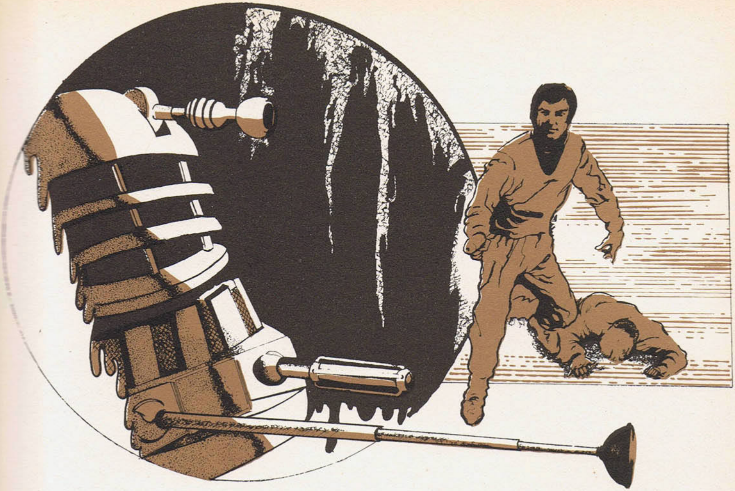
Through the still smoking hole in front of him, Seven saw a dark blur ahead of him. The zoom on his precision lensed robotic eyes immediately recognised it as a group of Daleks, a flanking party for the main force and probably the last they would have to pass to reach their destination. Seven hit the firing button on the ship's laser cannons.

The Daleks disappeared in a burst of white light as the ADF ship flashed above them. Seven looked at the crumpled figure of Shaw as he computed the time left. They had three minutes before the shield closed.

Seven put her on full power. The blast of wind through the damaged cabin threatened to explode the ship. Seven knew that Shaw would have difficulty breathing, but he knew if he didn't get inside the shield, Shaw would not breathe at all for very long. He saw a blockhouse ahead and switched on the radio.

"Are we inside?"

"You're in, so land that thing if you can. I'm activating the field."



Seven turned the radio off, cut off his engine and put the ADF reconnaissance ship into a banking curve. When he straightened out he searched for a clear piece of land as close to the blockhouse as he could find and then he put her down. The ship skidded across the dusty square outside the blockhouse, sending showers of sparks high into the air, before grinding to a halt some twenty yards from the blockhouse door.

After the screeching and tearing of metal, the rushing of wind, and the deafening explosions of the Dalek ground to air missiles, the sudden, total silence was eerie. Seven picked Shaw up from the floor, keeping watch all the time for any Daleks that might have penetrated the area while the shield was down. He could not see any.

As he stood up, Seven's hearing sensors picked up a dripping sound, which turned gradually into a hiss, coming from somewhere beneath him. Seven threw Shaw over his shoulder and leapt for the hole at the front of the ship. The fuel lines had been ruptured on landing, and now the fuel was spilling out. If any of it touched the still-smoking metal the whole lot would go up.

Seven landed heavily outside the ship, but retained his balance. With Shaw still over his shoulder he sprinted for the door of the blockhouse. When he got inside he found himself face to face with the open doors of a lift. As he stepped forward to enter a shadow slid across the lift wall in front of him.

"Stop-where-you-are!"

The rasping metallic voice behind him and the shadow its owner cast in front told Seven that a lone Dalek had him covered from the door of the blockhouse. Alone he might have had a chance, but with Shaw slung over his shoulder and the Dalek training his gun at the centre of his back, things looked black.

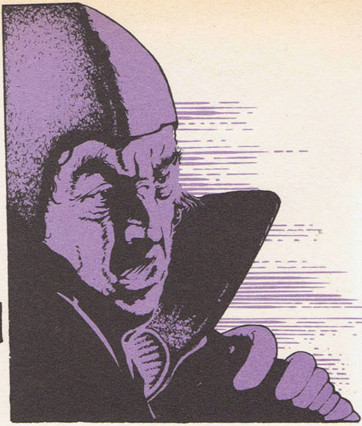
"Put-the-injured-one-down-and-turn-around!"

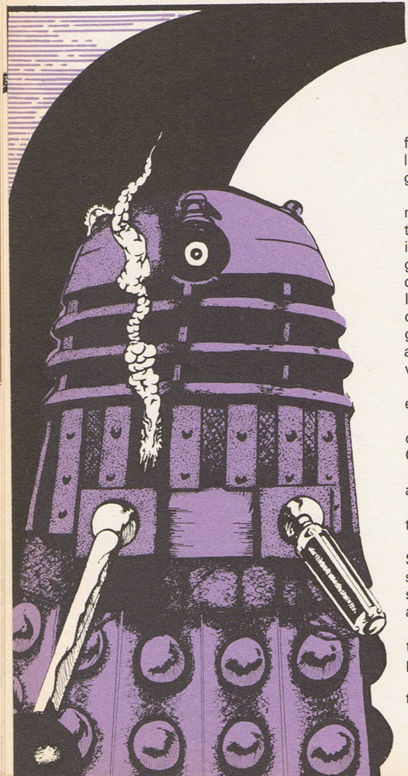
Seven went down on one knee and began to lift Shaw gently to the floor. While he did so, the ultra sensitive microphones implanted in his head isolated the sound of the dripping fuel. It was spluttering. Another few seconds and it would blow.

With Shaw on the floor, Seven remained on one knee with his back to the Dalek. The spluttering of the fuel grew more erratic. He had to time it just right.

In one supremely fast, perfectly co-ordinated movement, Seven drew his laser pistol from his leg holster with his right hand, glanced briefly over his left shoulder, turned his right hand round behind his back and fired under his left shoulder.

At the same time as Seven had started his blurringly fast manoeuvre, the fuel had finally ignited on the red hot metal of the ADF reconnaissance ship's twisted fuselage. The shock waves made the blockhouse shake and for a brief second the Dalek was silhouetted against the violent orange of exploding fuel. Seven's shot hit the Dalek square on the one vulnerable spot at the front of its casing. There was a short burst from the Dalek's gun, a hole appeared in the lift wall and then the Dalek was still. Seven got to his feet and set the lift in motion.





After travelling down for almost three minutes, the lift slowed and stopped, and the door opened. Seven dragged Shaw out into a strangely dark room, filled with huge glass information panels and coloured circular monitors and communications screens. In the centre of the room, his forehead and cheekbones highlighted in red, green and gold from the instruments he tended, stood a lone man. The man did not even look up when Seven entered.

"So you made it," he said, without emotion.

Seven recognised the voice as the same one that had brought them here, the voice of Commander Corby.

"I've got an injured man here. Have you any medical facilities?"

"There's a box of medical equipment on the wall behind you."

Seven opened the box and dressed Shaw's wound. He opened some smelling salts under Shaw's nose. Shaw's face screwed up, his body jerked convulsively, and he came round.

"The ship's gone and we're down inside the defence HQ with the shield up," explained Seven.

Shaw struggled to his feet. He crossed towards the man at the centre of the room.

Through the dull, flickering, ever-changing lights Shaw saw that Corby was exhausted. His face was thin and drawn, his eyes were red, and there was a thick stubble on his chin.

"What's the situation?" he asked.

Corby turned to him wearily. "No contact with the navy or ground forces. The air force was wiped out yesterday. Automatic rocket launchers in hidden silos are still operating."

"How long can you hold out?"

"The rockets will keep firing for another two days, but I don't think I can last that long."

"Then you're alone here?"

"Yes, there's only me left . . . and Igo."

"Igo?"

Corby crossed the room and opened the door to a massive metal wardrobe.

Shaw gasped. Inside, standing eight foot high, its single eye unit staring lifelessly ahead, was a robot. The front panel of its chest was made of transparent plastic, and beneath it Shaw could see a maze of transistors, the thin silver lines of hundreds of printed circuits, and a tangle of wires so fine and complex he could not even guess their purpose.

Corby stood to one side and held out one arm with the palm outstretched.

"Gentlemen, meet Igo."

Mark Seven whistled. "Very good, very good indeed. Just what does Igo do?"

Corby sighed helplessly. He hesitated before speaking.

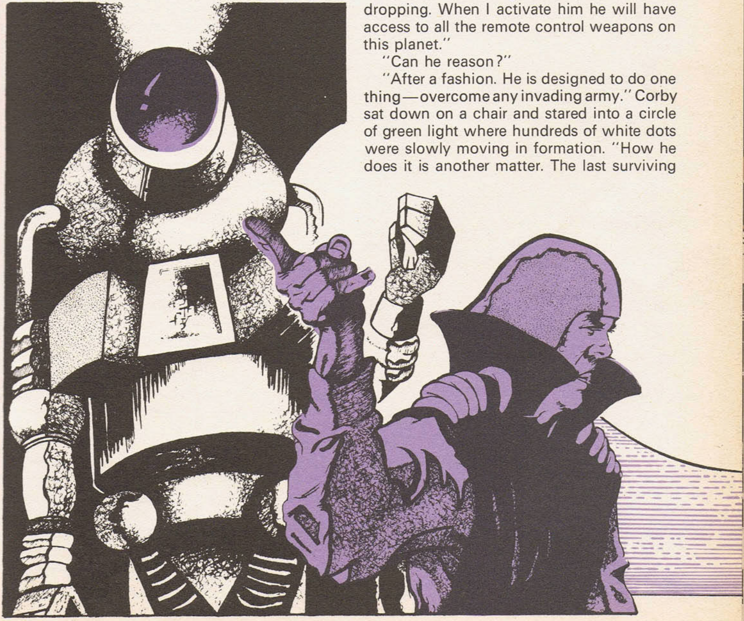
"I don't know. I know only two things—the way to activate him and what he's been programmed for."

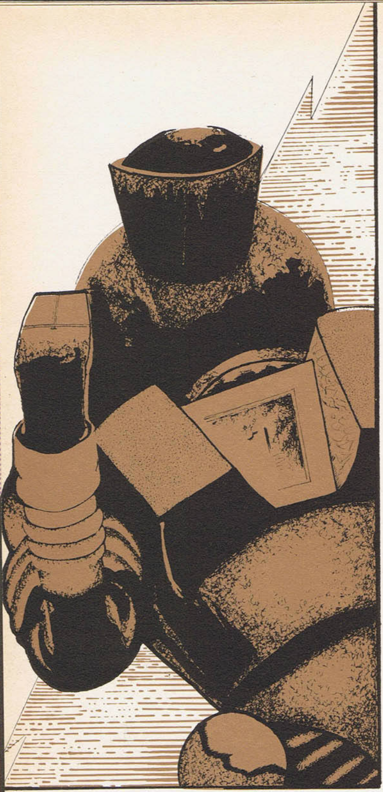
"What's that?"

"To win the war. Igo has been our ultimate deterrent. All military information is stored in his computers. He is capable of using any of the instruments you see in this room. He could fight for years without dropping. When I activate him he will have access to all the remote control weapons on this planet."

"Can he reason?"

"After a fashion. He is designed to do one thing—overcome any invading army." Corby sat down on a chair and stared into a circle of green light where hundreds of white dots were slowly moving in formation. "How he does it is another matter. The last surviving





scientists who helped to build him were killed in the first Dalek attack."

"You could be taking a big risk."

Corby's eyes did not leave the screen.

"What have I got to lose?"

"Haven't you got a ship to escape in?"

"I don't want to escape. There is a ship three floors up. You should find it easy enough to use. But I'm afraid you'll have to wait until the shield is down."

Corby got up and moved to a panel in the wall by Igo. He worked the controls rapidly. Several lights came on and went off in sequence. Sounds like the ticking of a thousand clocks seemed to come from the thick cylinder that was Igo's body. The robot's single round eye began to glow. Corby pressed a last button and turned to them.

"And I can't tell you when that will be. From now on, Igo is in charge."

Shaw watched the robot humming into life. He was both fascinated and afraid. Just what was Igo capable of? Reason without responsibility could be a dangerous mix.

The lights dimmed as power surged into Igo. Corby switched on the auxiliary power. The ticking in Igo's body grew louder. Igo's head began to move slowly round, his cone of vision sweeping the room.

Suddenly, with a speed that belied his huge size, Igo raced from his box and crossed to a wall of control panels. The lone eye studied them. Then, with surprising swiftness, Igo struck at the panels with his hard, flat metal hands. Like a child frustrated by a toy it does not understand, Igo sheared off the controls with one mighty sweep of his arm. He dug his sharp metal fingers into the panel and pulled out a mass of wiring. There was a flash of light and Igo threw the wires to the floor. Turning his head slowly he spotted another panel and rushed across the room to it. His movements were becoming less jerky, more assured as the newly activated machinery warmed up.

Once again Igo studied the panels. The ticking in his body rose and fell, and chattering metallic sounds could be heard from Igo's chest as he evaluated the information from the panels. Igo raised his arm and put his fist through a glass screen. He reached inside and brought out another nest of complicated wiring. He stared at it for seconds and then threw it away.

"What's he doing?" Shaw asked Seven.

"Sorting out information. Rejecting, accepting, sizing up the situation."

"But why does he keep wrecking the instruments?"

"I don't know."

Shaw and Seven watched as Igo went from one panel to another, searching, studying, wrecking.

"What happens if the information tells Igo he can't beat the Daleks?"

"Who knows? Hey, Corby, can't you stop this thing?"

Corby shook his head. "He can't be stopped by anything until he's completed his mission."

"Can't you shut off the power or something? He's tearing the place apart!"

Shaw was about to try and disconnect some of Igo's wires when Seven stopped him and nodded towards the lift doors. They were closing. They heard the hum of the lift rising to the top of the shaft.

"Daleks! They must have got inside the field. Corby, we've got to get out of here!"

"The lift is the only way."

Shaw drew his pistol. "Then find yourself some cover. The Daleks are coming."

Shaw and Seven took up positions behind a large bank of computers. Corby crouched behind Igo's box. They listened for the sound of the lift descending. Igo carried on his inspection of all the machines.

Mark Seven heard the lift first.

"Get ready, they're on their way."

Shaw took aim at the lift doorway. The hum of the lift died down and the doors began to open.

The Daleks came out, shooting with everything they had. There were four of them firing indiscriminately until they found some cover. Seven managed to stop one dead, and Shaw blasted a lump out of another. Igo continued gathering information until a blast from one of the Daleks caught him in the back.

Igo stood bolt upright. A small area of his back was stained black. He moved his hands to it. The ticking inside him rose to a chatter as the sensors on his fingers evaluated the damage. He turned the cone of his vision towards the Dalek that had fired and charged.

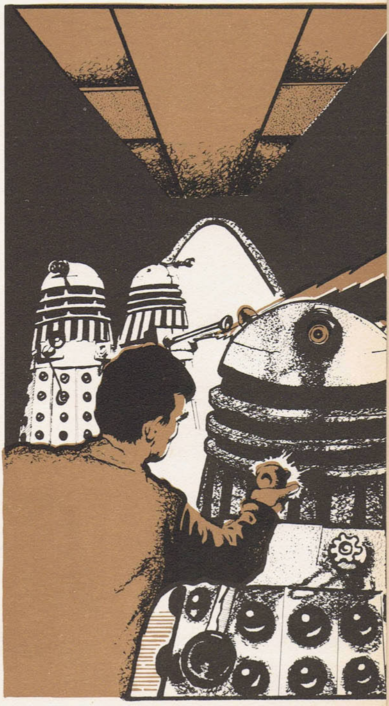
The Dalek fired again and caught Igo in the leg, but the massive robot did not stop. He reached down to the Dalek, picked it up and hurled it into a bank of electronic equipment. There was a crackling sound, a flash, the smell of burning and the Dalek lay still.

The two surviving Daleks opened fire. The one Shaw had hit was not operating properly, but it was still dangerous. Igo was hit several times, but the damage seemed superficial. He picked up one of the Daleks, dug his fingers through its casing and wrenched. He pulled, he twisted and he tore, and then he dropped the mangled, lifeless hulk to the floor.

As the last Dalek came out of cover behind Igo, Shaw and Seven caught it simultaneously with blasts from their laser pistols. It burst into flame and charged round the room before stopping against a wall. Shaw grabbed a fire extinguisher as Seven held the lift doors open.

"Well, old Igo can certainly fight," said Shaw as he finally put the flames out. "I'd like to know exactly what he's made of. Do you know, Corby?"

Corby did not answer. He was staring at Igo. The robot was studying the marks on his body left by the Daleks' weapons. He rushed across to the smouldering Dalek next to Shaw and ran his hands over the charred



wreckage. He straightened up and the chattering in his body increased. He touched the Dalek a second time and then went back to his own body. The chattering of the circuits suddenly stopped. Igo's head swung slowly round the room and stopped when his cone of vision located a large door.

"No, Igo," said Corby softly.

Igo rushed to the door, dug his hands into the metal and ripped it from out of its frame.

"No, Igo—no! Not in there!"

"What's the matter? What's in there?"

"Bacteria, arrested chain reaction explosions, expanding hyper-combustible gases—military experiments that were too dangerous to continue."

"Shut down the field. We're getting out of here!" Shaw grabbed Corby's arm and dragged him to a smoking control panel. "Switch the force field off!"

Corby looked down at the wrecked instruments.

"It's off. If you take the ship you should be able to get clear."

"You're coming with us."

Corby wrenched himself free. His eyes were wide. He seemed to be looking past Shaw at something in the middle distance. His body was taut, his voice strained.

"Don't you see—I have to stay. Even if I was the last man alive on Scottus I would have to stay! It's my home!"

"Stop talking that way and come with us." Shaw moved toward Corby. A loud crash came from the doorway Igo had ripped away.

"Go now!" shouted Corby. "Nothing can stop Igo. Another Dalek attack might make him malfunction. He has to destroy the enemy while he is still capable."

"But that robot is going to lay waste the whole planet!"

"I know. It's the only way he can complete his mission. And we on Scottus made him that way."

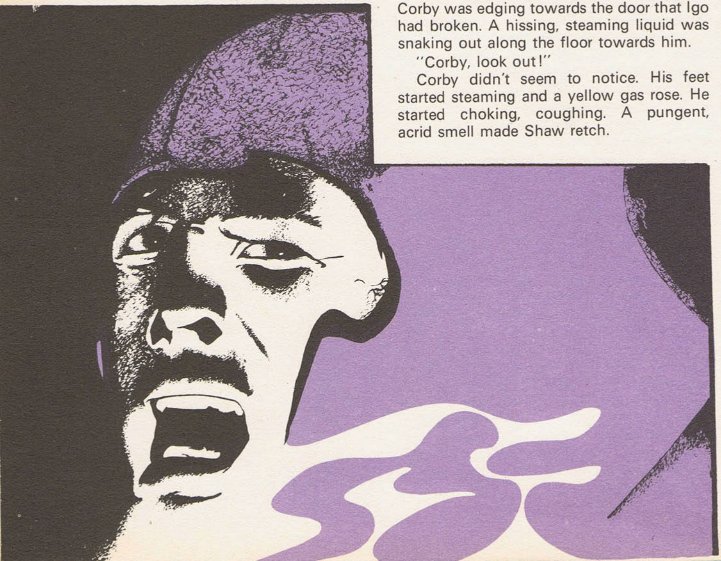
Shaw reached for Corby's arm, but the Commander drew back. There were more loud noises from Igo's direction.

Seven called from the lift doors. "Shaw! Hurry! The Daleks are trying the lift!"

Shaw looked around him desperately. Corby was edging towards the door that Igo had broken. A hissing, steaming liquid was snaking out along the floor towards him.

"Corby, look out!"

Corby didn't seem to notice. His feet started steaming and a yellow gas rose. He started choking, coughing. A pungent, acrid smell made Shaw retch.



"Shaw!" Seven's voice was urgent. Shaw took one look through the open doorway at Igo ripping long strips off a huge lead container, saw Corby fall face down in the steaming liquid . . . and then he leapt into the lift. Seven released the doors and punched a button. The lift shot upwards.

"Let's hope the Daleks haven't reached that third floor."

The lift doors opened and Shaw and Seven rushed out. Two Daleks turned to meet them. Two shots from Shaw and Seven reduced them to smoking hulks. They saw a ship pointing up a tunnel like a bullet in a rifle. They climbed aboard and Seven began working the controls.

"No time to map a course. We're just going up!" The engines ignited. It would be dangerous activating the rocket while it was "cold", but it was the only chance they had. Seven's audio sensors had already detected a rumbling deep down in the room they had left.

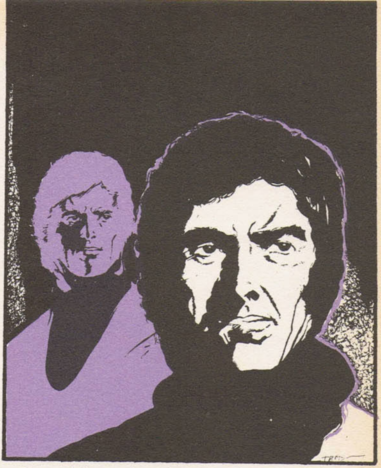
Smoke and steam billowed round them as the fuel ignited. Seven's hand hovered over the launch buttons. Through the swirl of white clouds Shaw saw Daleks swarming through the lift doors.

"Now!" he shouted.

Seven activated the launch procedure, and with agonising slowness the rocket began to lift. Shaw caught a brief glance of the Daleks caught in the rocket's jet, and then suddenly they were speeding upwards at phenomenal speed. The earth raced away below them, the horizon curved alarmingly, and then they felt the strange floating sensation of weightlessness as they reached the blackness of space. Shaw switched on a viewing screen and adjusted the magnification. The planet appeared, filling the whole screen.

"Look at that!"

There was violent activity across the surface of the whole planet. A circle of brilliant white light was spreading quickly from the point they had just left. Different coloured explosions winked all over the land masses. Splodges of colour appeared suddenly . . . then were gone. Cloud formations changed abruptly . . . then disappeared. The white circle spread faster, as if it was feeding off itself. The colour of the seas seemed to alter. As the planet receded in the viewer the whole surface seemed wreathed in fire.



Shaw felt numbed by what he saw. A whole planet lost, destroyed. The logic of Igo's actions made his blood run cold. Igo had defeated the Daleks, but at the cost of his planet and whatever survivors there might have been on it. Scottus had been a brave experiment, an attempt to recapture some of man's disappearing individuality. The inhabitants had treasured their freedom and had given the ultimate responsibility for protecting that freedom to a super-robot called Igo. Now the people were dead and the planet was in flames. It seemed so senseless, so wasteful.

Surely there could have been another way of stopping the Daleks? Surely the people of Scottus could have found a safer way to protect their planet?

Shaw shuddered as he thought of the strength of the Dalek invasion force. The data Igo had gathered left him with no alternative but to destroy the planet. No man could make such a decision . . . but Igo was a robot.

Shaw thought of the other planets he had seen enslaved by the Daleks. He thought of the terror and misery and hopelessness of the inhabitants. He thought of the huge armies of Daleks in action at that very moment and he shuddered again. What if Igo had been right? What if there WAS no other way?

BATTLE STATISTICS

A three-sided war broke out on the Dalek slave planet of Istral. The Daleks quarrelled with the Istralian aristocracy, who objected to their loss of absolute power, and as relations became more strained, the Istralian workforce rose up and attacked them both.

Joel Shaw managed to intercept a Dalek communique concerning the uprising and its eventual outcome. Due to the faintness of the signals he received, much of the information was lost. He made up a chart and filled in the information he had received. It didn't look like much, but by logical deduction he was able to find out all he needed to know about the conflict. Here is the chart Shaw started with:

		Results			Casualties in units of 10,000	
Combatants	Number of Battles	Victory	Defeat	Inconclusive	Claimed	Admitted
Daleks		2			4	
Aristocracy						
Workforce				1	1	4

Assuming that the casualties, in units of 10,000, are accurate, then the casualties claimed will be the same as the casualties admitted. From the information on the chart can you:

Find out how many battles were fought?

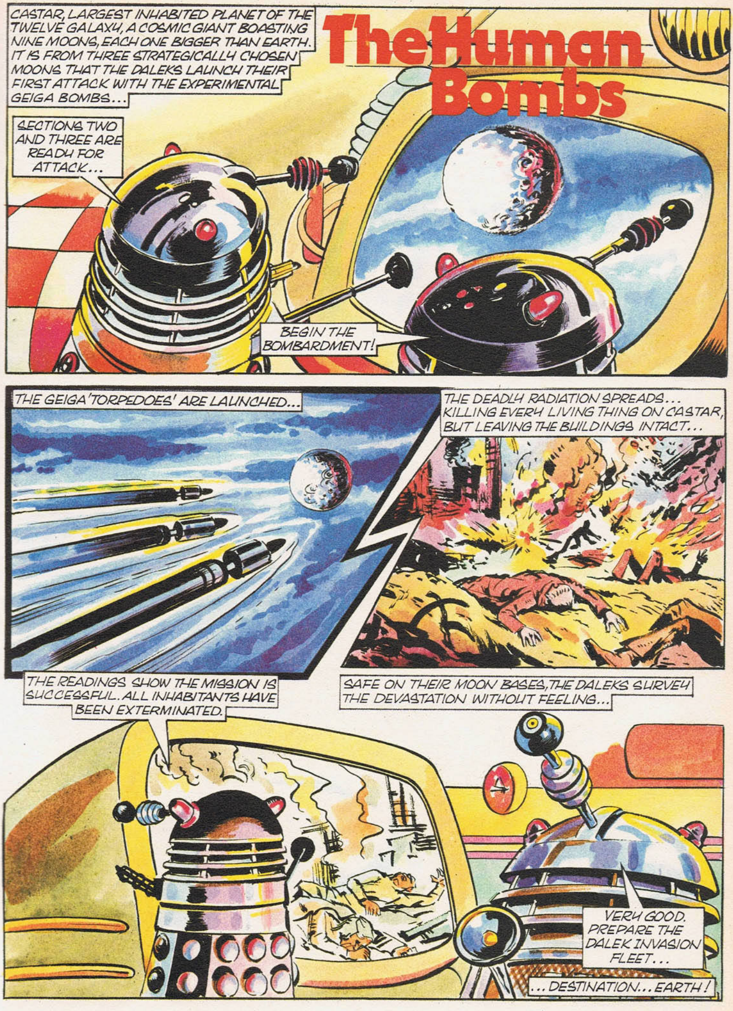
Who fought who?

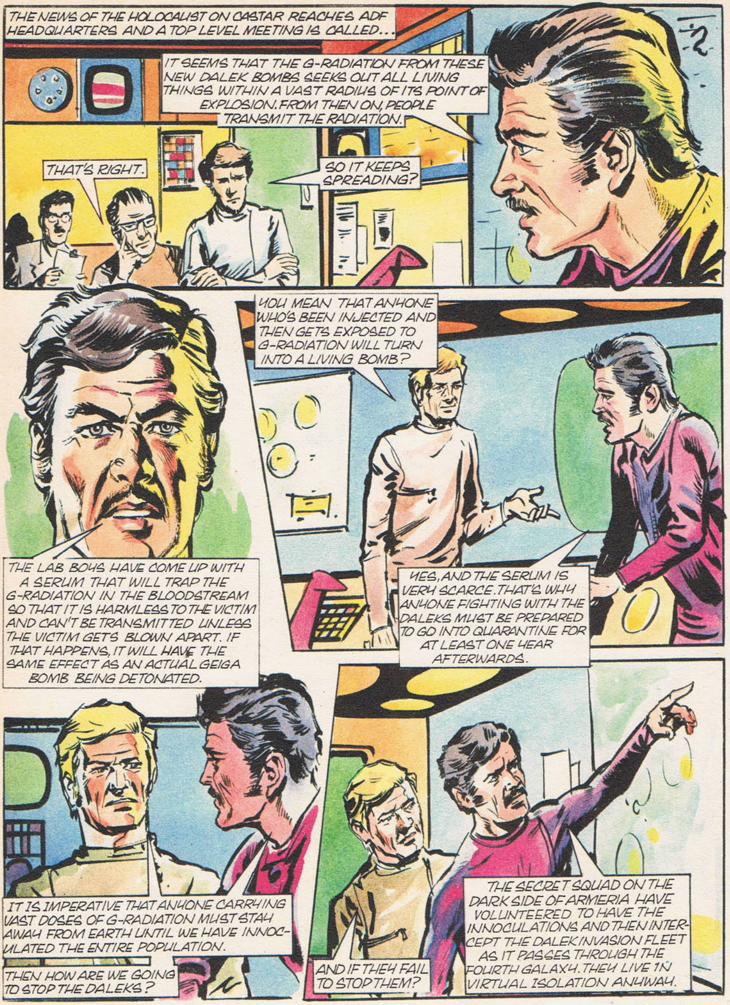
What were the results of each battle and how many casualties occurred?

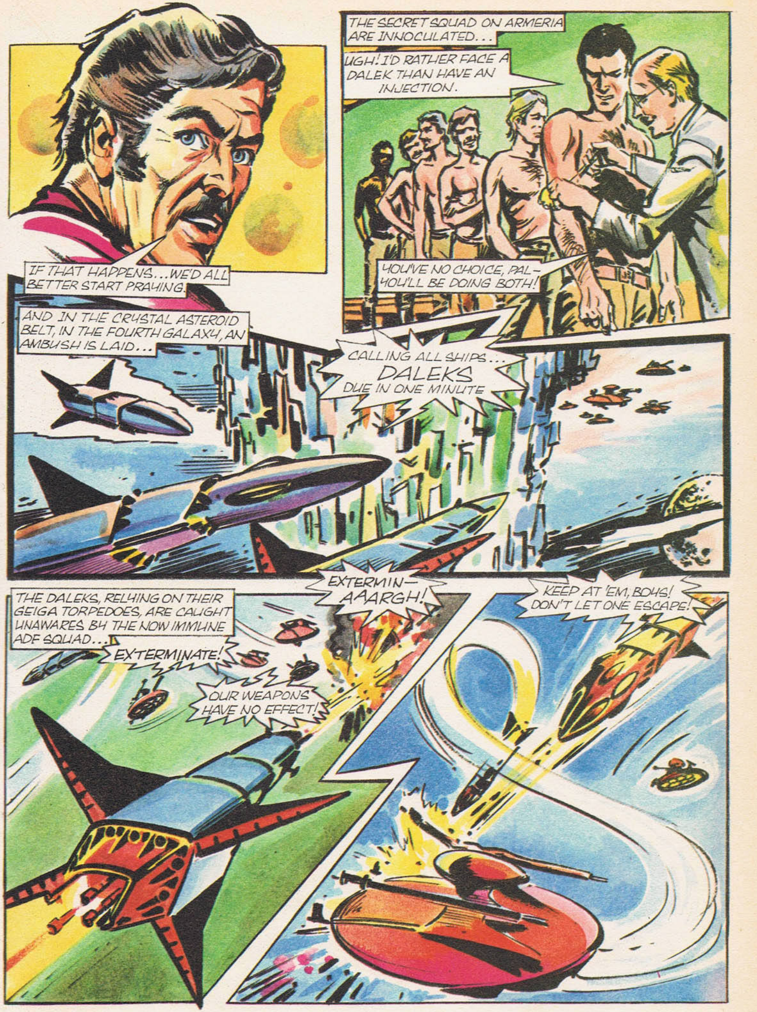
Assuming no two combatants fought each other more than once, you should be able to fill in all the blank squares on the charts. It took Shaw 45 seconds.

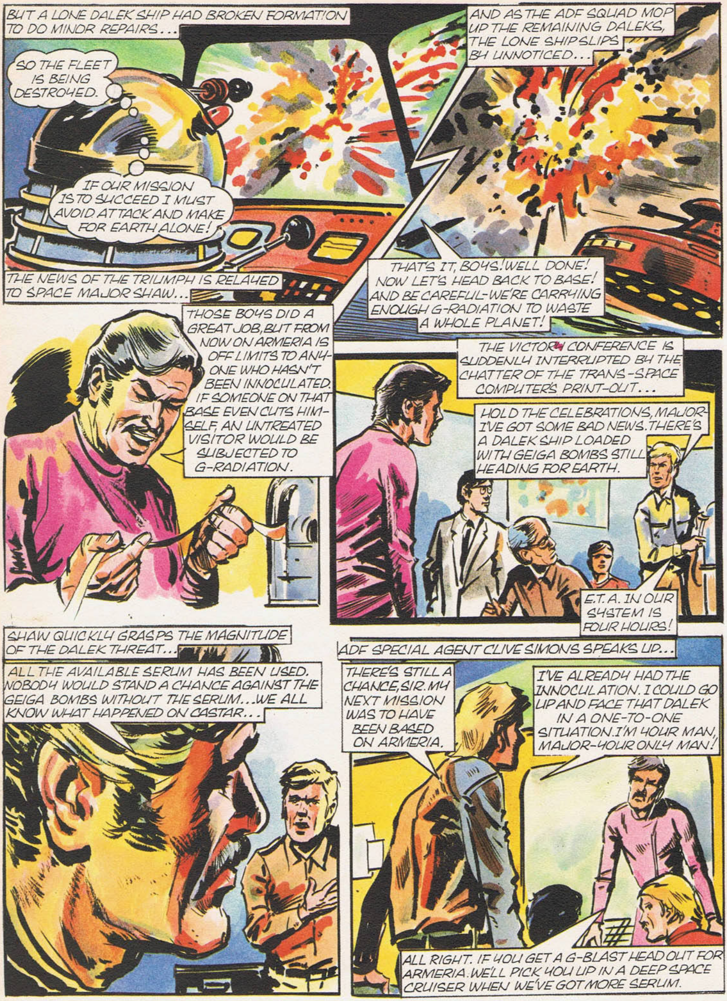
Answer on page **60**

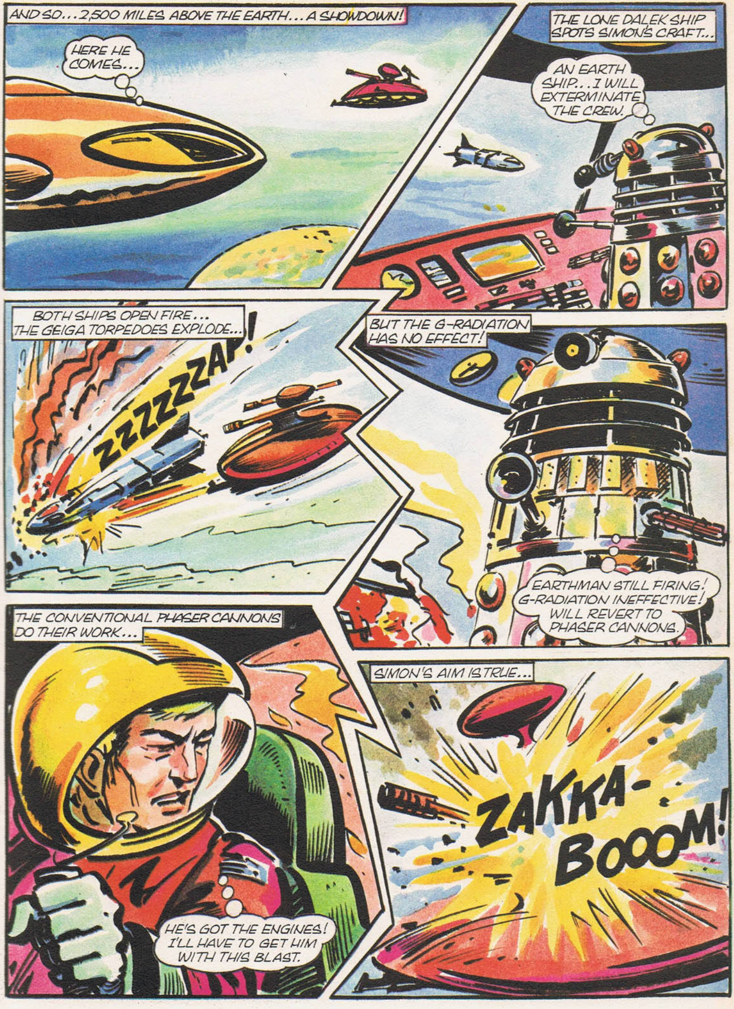
The Human Bombs

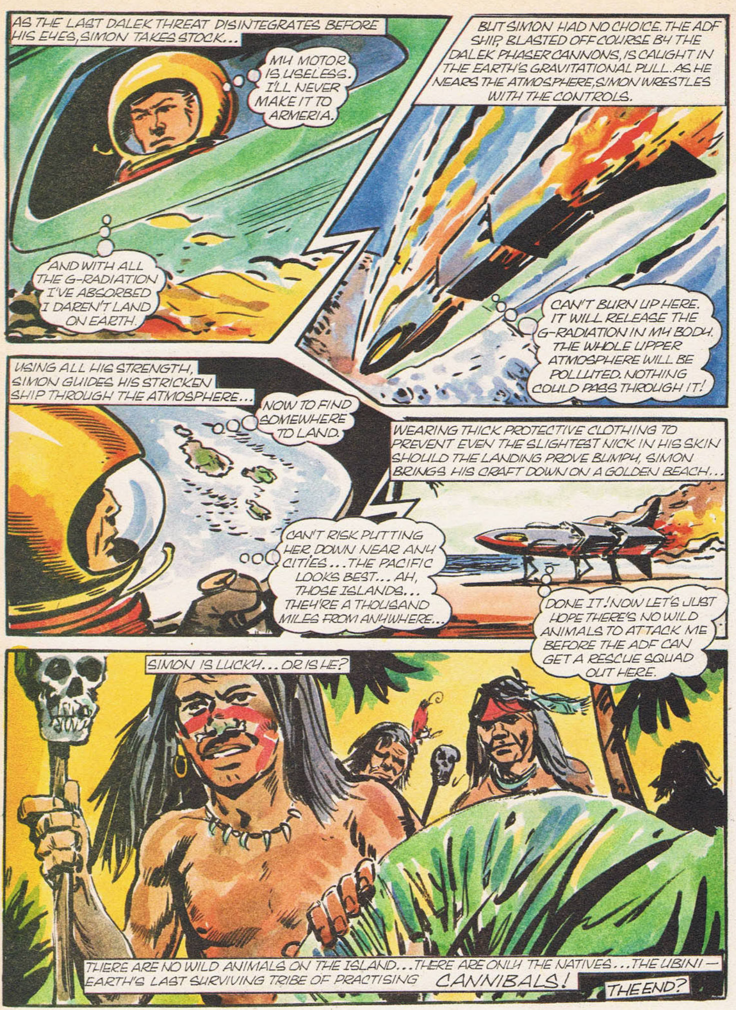

CASTAR, LARGEST INHABITED PLANET OF THE TWELVE GALAXY, A COSMIC GIANT BOASTING NINE MOONS, EACH ONE BIGGER THAN EARTH. IT IS FROM THREE STRATEGICALLY CHOSEN MOONS THAT THE DALEKS LAUNCH THEIR FIRST ATTACK WITH THE EXPERIMENTAL GEIGA BOMBS...
SECTIONS TWO AND THREE ARE READY FOR ATTACK...
BEGIN THE BOMBARDMENT!
THE GEIGA 'TORPEDOES' ARE LAUNCHED...
THE DEADLY RADIATION SPREADS... KILLING EVERY LIVING THING ON CASTAR, BUT LEAVING THE BUILDINGS INTACT...
THE READINGS SHOW THE MISSION IS SUCCESSFUL. ALL INHABITANTS HAVE BEEN EXTERMINATED.
SAFE ON THEIR MOON BASES, THE DALEKS SURVEY THE DEVASTATION WITHOUT FEELING...
VERY GOOD. PREPARE THE DALEK INVASION FLEET...
...DESTINATION... EARTH!

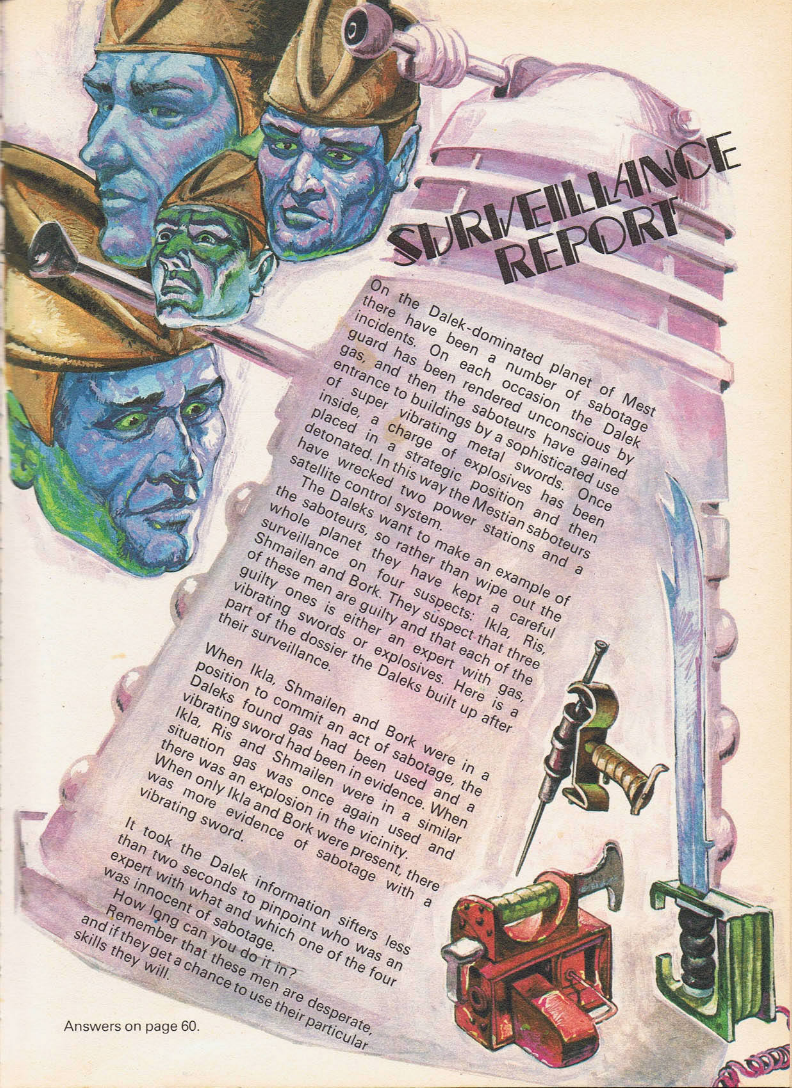

THE NEWS OF THE HOLOCAUST ON CASTAR REACHES ADF HEADQUARTERS AND A TOP LEVEL MEETING IS CALLED...
IT SEEMS THAT THE G-RADIATION FROM THESE NEW DALEK BOMBS SEEKS OUT ALL LIVING THINGS WITHIN A VAST RADIUS OF ITS POINT OF EXPLOSION. FROM THEN ON, PEOPLE TRANSMIT THE RADIATION.
SO IT KEEPS SPREADING?
THAT'S RIGHT.
THE LAB BOYS HAVE COME UP WITH A SERUM THAT WILL TRAP THE G-RADIATION IN THE BLOODSTREAM SO THAT IT IS HARMLESS TO THE VICTIM AND CAN'T BE TRANSMITTED UNLESS THE VICTIM GETS BLOWN APART. IF THAT HAPPENS, IT WILL HAVE THE SAME EFFECT AS AN ACTUAL GEIGA BOMB BEING DETONATED.
YOU MEAN THAT ANYONE WHO'S BEEN INJECTED AND THEN GETS EXPOSED TO G-RADIATION WILL TURN INTO A LIVING BOMB?
YES, AND THE SERUM IS VERY SCARCE. THAT'S WHY ANYONE FIGHTING WITH THE DALEKS MUST BE PREPARED TO GO INTO QUARANTINE FOR AT LEAST ONE YEAR AFTERWARDS.
IT IS IMPERATIVE THAT ANYONE CARRYING VAST DOSES OF G-RADIATION MUST STAY AWAY FROM EARTH UNTIL WE HAVE INNOCULATED THE ENTIRE POPULATION.
THEN HOW ARE WE GOING TO STOP THE DALEKS?
THE SECRET SQUAD ON THE DARK SIDE OF ARMERIA HAVE VOLUNTEERED TO HAVE THE INNOCULATIONS AND THEN INTERCEPT THE DALEK INVASION FLEET AS IT PASSES THROUGH THE FOURTH GALAXY. THEY LIVE IN VIRTUAL ISOLATION ANYWAY.
AND IF THEY FAIL TO STOP THEM?


IF THAT HAPPENS...WE'D ALL BETTER START PRAYING.
THE SECRET SQUAD ON ARMERIA ARE INNOCULATED...
UGH! I'D RATHER FACE A DALEK THAN HAVE AN INJECTION.
YOU'VE NO CHOICE, PAL- YOU'LL BE DOING BOTH!
AND IN THE CRYSTAL ASTEROID BELT, IN THE FOURTH GALAXY, AN AMBUSH IS LAID...
CALLING ALL SHIPS... DALEKS DUE IN ONE MINUTE
THE DALEKS, RELYING ON THEIR GEIGA TORPEDOES, ARE CAUGHT UNAWARES BY THE NOW IMMUNE ADF SQUAD...
EXTERMIN- AAARGH!
EXTERMINATE!
OUR WEAPONS HAVE NO EFFECT!
KEEP AT 'EM, BOYS! DON'T LET ONE ESCAPE!


BUT A LONE DALEK SHIP HAD BROKEN FORMATION TO DO MINOR REPAIRS...
SO THE FLEET IS BEING DESTROYED.
IF OUR MISSION IS TO SUCCEED I MUST AVOID ATTACK AND MAKE FOR EARTH ALONE!
AND AS THE ADF SQUAD MOP UP THE REMAINING DALEKS, THE LONE SHIP SLIPS BY UNNOTICED...
THAT'S IT, BOYS! WELL DONE! NOW LET'S HEAD BACK TO BASE! AND BE CAREFUL-WE'RE CARRYING ENOUGH G-RADIATION TO WASTE A WHOLE PLANET!
THE NEWS OF THE TRIUMPH IS RELAYED TO SPACE MAJOR SHAW...
THOSE BOYS DID A GREAT JOB, BUT FROM NOW ON ARMERIA IS OFF LIMITS TO ANYONE WHO HASN'T BEEN INNOCULATED. IF SOMEONE ON THAT BASE EVEN CUTS HIMSELF, AN UNTREATED VISITOR WOULD BE SUBJECTED TO G-RADIATION.
THE VICTORY CONFERENCE IS SUDDENLY INTERRUPTED BY THE CHATTER OF THE TRANS-SPACE COMPUTER'S PRINT-OUT...
HOLD THE CELEBRATIONS, MAJOR-I'VE GOT SOME BAD NEWS. THERE'S A DALEK SHIP LOADED WITH GEIGA BOMBS STILL HEADING FOR EARTH.
E.T.A. IN OUR SYSTEM IS FOUR HOURS!
SHAW QUICKLY GRASPS THE MAGNITUDE OF THE DALEK THREAT...
ALL THE AVAILABLE SERUM HAS BEEN USED. NOBODY WOULD STAND A CHANCE AGAINST THE GEIGA BOMBS WITHOUT THE SERUM...WE ALL KNOW WHAT HAPPENED ON CASTAR...
ADF SPECIAL AGENT CLIVE SIMONS SPEAKS UP...
THERE'S STILL A CHANCE, SIR. MY NEXT MISSION WAS TO HAVE BEEN BASED ON ARMERIA.
I'VE ALREADY HAD THE INNOCULATION. I COULD GO UP AND FACE THAT DALEK IN A ONE-TO-ONE SITUATION. I'M YOUR MAN, MAJOR-YOUR ONLY MAN!
ALL RIGHT. IF YOU GET A G-BLAST HEAD OUT FOR ARMERIA. WE'LL PICK YOU UP IN A DEEP SPACE CRUISER WHEN WE'VE GOT MORE SERUM.


AND SO... 2,500 MILES ABOVE THE EARTH... A SHOWDOWN!
HERE HE COMES...
THE LONE DALEK SHIP SPOTS SIMON'S CRAFT...
AN EARTH SHIP... I WILL EXTERMINATE THE CREW.
BOTH SHIPS OPEN FIRE... THE GEIGA TORPEDOES EXPLODE...
ZZZZZZZAP!
BUT THE G-RADIATION HAS NO EFFECT!
EARTHMAN STILL FIRING! G-RADIATION INEFFECTIVE! WILL REVERT TO PHASER CANNONS.
THE CONVENTIONAL PHASER CANNONS DO THEIR WORK...
HE'S GOT THE ENGINES! I'LL HAVE TO GET HIM WITH THIS BLAST.
SIMON'S AIM IS TRUE...
ZAKKA-BOOOM!


AS THE LAST DALEK THREAT DISINTEGRATES BEFORE HIS EYES, SIMON TAKES STOCK...
MY MOTOR IS USELESS. I'LL NEVER MAKE IT TO ARMERIA.
AND WITH ALL THE G-RADIATION I'VE ABSORBED I DAREN'T LAND ON EARTH.
BUT SIMON HAD NO CHOICE. THE ADF SHIP, BLASTED OFF COURSE BY THE DALEK PHASER CANNONS, IS CAUGHT IN THE EARTH'S GRAVITATIONAL PULL. AS HE NEARS THE ATMOSPHERE, SIMON WRESTLES WITH THE CONTROLS.
CAN'T BURN UP HERE. IT WILL RELEASE THE G-RADIATION IN MY BODY. THE WHOLE UPPER ATMOSPHERE WILL BE POLLUTED. NOTHING COULD PASS THROUGH IT!
USING ALL HIS STRENGTH, SIMON GUIDES HIS STRICKEN SHIP THROUGH THE ATMOSPHERE...
NOW TO FIND SOMEWHERE TO LAND.
CAN'T RISK PUTTING HER DOWN NEAR ANY CITIES... THE PACIFIC LOOKS BEST... AH, THOSE ISLANDS... THEY'RE A THOUSAND MILES FROM ANYWHERE...
WEARING THICK PROTECTIVE CLOTHING TO PREVENT EVEN THE SLIGHTEST NICK IN HIS SKIN SHOULD THE LANDING PROVE BUMPY, SIMON BRINGS HIS CRAFT DOWN ON A GOLDEN BEACH...
DONE IT! NOW LET'S JUST HOPE THERE'S NO WILD ANIMALS TO ATTACK ME BEFORE THE ADF CAN GET A RESCUE SQUAD OUT HERE.
SIMON IS LUCKY... OR IS HE?
THERE ARE NO WILD ANIMALS ON THE ISLAND... THERE ARE ONLY THE NATIVES... THE UBINI — EARTH'S LAST SURVIVING TRIBE OF PRACTISING CANNIBALS!
THE END?



SURVEILLANCE REPORT

On the Dalek-dominated planet of Mest there have been a number of sabotage incidents. On each occasion the Dalek guard has been rendered unconscious by gas, and then the saboteurs have gained entrance to buildings by a sophisticated use of super vibrating metal swords. Once inside, a charge of explosives has been placed in a strategic position and then detonated. In this way the Mestian saboteurs have wrecked two power stations and a satellite control system.

The Daleks want to make an example of the saboteurs, so rather than wipe out the whole planet they have kept a careful surveillance on four suspects: Ikla, Ris, Shmailen and Bork. They suspect that three of these men are guilty and that each of the guilty ones is either an expert with gas, vibrating swords or explosives. Here is a part of the dossier the Daleks built up after their surveillance.

When Ikla, Shmailen and Bork were in a position to commit an act of sabotage, the Daleks found gas had been used and a vibrating sword had been in evidence. When Ikla, Ris and Shmailen were in a similar situation gas was once again used and there was an explosion in the vicinity. When only Ikla and Bork were present, there was more evidence of sabotage with a vibrating sword.

It took the Dalek information sifters less than two seconds to pinpoint who was an expert with what and which one of the four was innocent of sabotage.

How long can you do it in?

Remember that these men are desperate, and if they get a chance to use their particular skills they will.

Answers on page 60.

THE DALEK FILE (2)

DALOGRAPHY OF SKARO

ADF agents must be familiar with the changing landscape of Skaro. Recruits must have a basic knowledge before they can progress. Here are some geographical features of Skaro that are essential to the would-be ADF recruit.

1. Dalazar is the name of the continent edged by the Ocean of Ooze and the Sea of Rust. Its sub-tropical climate makes it the most habitable part of Skaro, and it is here that the Daleks founded their empire. The Drammankins, a range of very high mountains, provides a natural defence for the capital city, which is situated close to the Lake of Mutations.

2. Across the Ocean of Ooze lies Davius, where the Thals evolved. Between Davius and the Serpent Sea is the River Of Whirling Waters, another natural barrier that is impossible to cross. The river is dotted with huge whirlpools that exclude the building of bridges.

3. The Forbidden Islands lie in the lower regions of the Ocean of Ooze. They are always covered by a thick mist, but scanners indicate that there is life there. Exactly what kind of life has never been discovered – no explorer has ever returned from their shores.

4. Darren is a desolate wasteland, devastated by the Neutron bomb that was detonated there thousands of years ago. Bordered by the Bottomless Sea, Darren's only inhabitants are earthworms that have mutated into giant serpents.

5. The Radiation Range is one of the most spectacular features of the Darren landscape. The mountains that make up the lake are made up of pure cobalt, and it was here that the Daleks first mined radioactive materials.

6. The Sea Of Acid is separated from the Bottomless Sea by the Radiation Range. It is unwise to venture near the Sea Of Acid as the fumes are so powerful they immediately destroy human lung tissue. Prolonged exposure rots flesh.

7. The Island Of Gushing Gold, situated in the Sea Of Rust, is a monument to the stupidity of those who would covet 'precious' metals. A large volcano on the island periodically erupts, sending jets of pure molten gold into the air. The beach is littered with figures of people caught in such eruptions: gold plated statues, killed by greed.

8. The Bottomless Sea is so named because no one has ever measured its fantastic depths. Although the surface of the Bottomless Sea is comparatively smooth, it is very dangerous to try and cross it in conventional boats. There are strong erratic currents and numerous legends of sea-monsters.

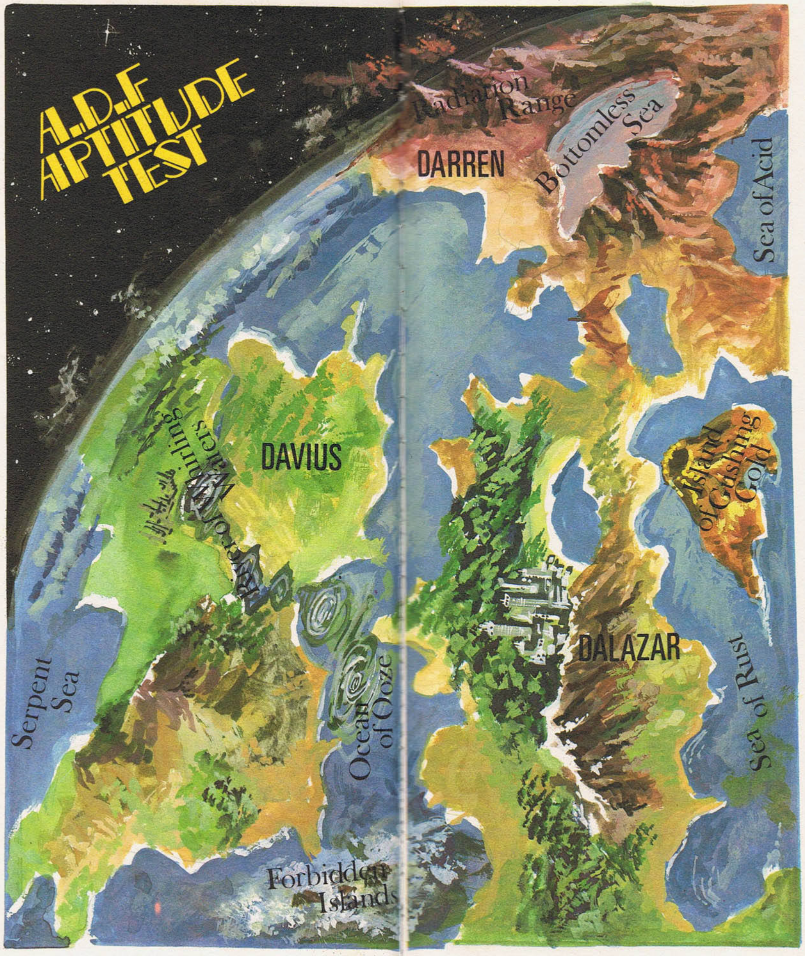
9. The Serpent Sea is a vast stretch of water north of Davius. In the Serpent Sea there are no fish. The giant serpents that live there are entirely cannibalistic. It is thought that the serpents on Serpent Island are dwarf mutations of the creatures in the Serpent Sea.

10. The Sonic Desert is still uncharted, as no one can venture far into its interior. Made up of tiny grains of diamonds and rubies, the Sonic Desert is protected by a blanket of sound whose origin is unknown. The sound is deadly to all outsiders, and the few creatures to emerge from the Sonic Desert – small, poisonous horned lizards, have died in agony at the lack of sound.

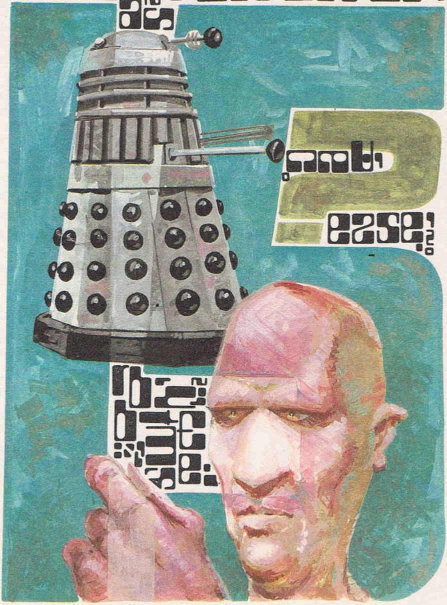
Those still under consideration to be accepted as ADF recruits have twenty seconds to answer the following questions:

1. Where is the Lake of Mutations?
2. Why is Darren deserted except for the giant serpents?
3. Where is the Island Of Gushing Gold?
4. Where did the Daleks first mine radioactive materials?
5. What is the climate of Dalazar?

ADF applicants who attain a one hundred per cent success rate may attempt the final ADF aptitude test.



HOSTAGE!



Just as magicians use sleight of hand to bewilder their audiences, the Daleks are adept at 'sleight of mind', an expression that conveys their ability to hoodwink their enemies.

This was demonstrated to the full when a group of renegade slaves on the planet Valkenine burst into a Brindigulum and sealed off all the exits. At the Brindigulum were Dalek miners, Dalek metalworkers and Dalek transport officials, who were all trying to improve efficiency. After a Dalek transport official had agreed to act as an intermediary, the slaves ordered the Daleks to separate into their three different sections and demanded fifteen hostages, five hostages from each section, to stand on a small platform in the middle of the room. Unfortunately the platform was not big enough to hold all fifteen, so the slave leader ordered five Daleks back to their ranks. The intermediary did not know which five to choose, so he sent one Dalek back to each section and told the two others to stand by the platform.

The slaves were about to give their demands to the intermediary to take to the Golden Emperor, when suddenly the intermediary spoke.

"Give up now, slaves, before it is too late," he said. "One of the hostages has escaped and is already rallying forces against you."

The slave leader was unimpressed.

"I have not seen any of the hostages escape," he said.

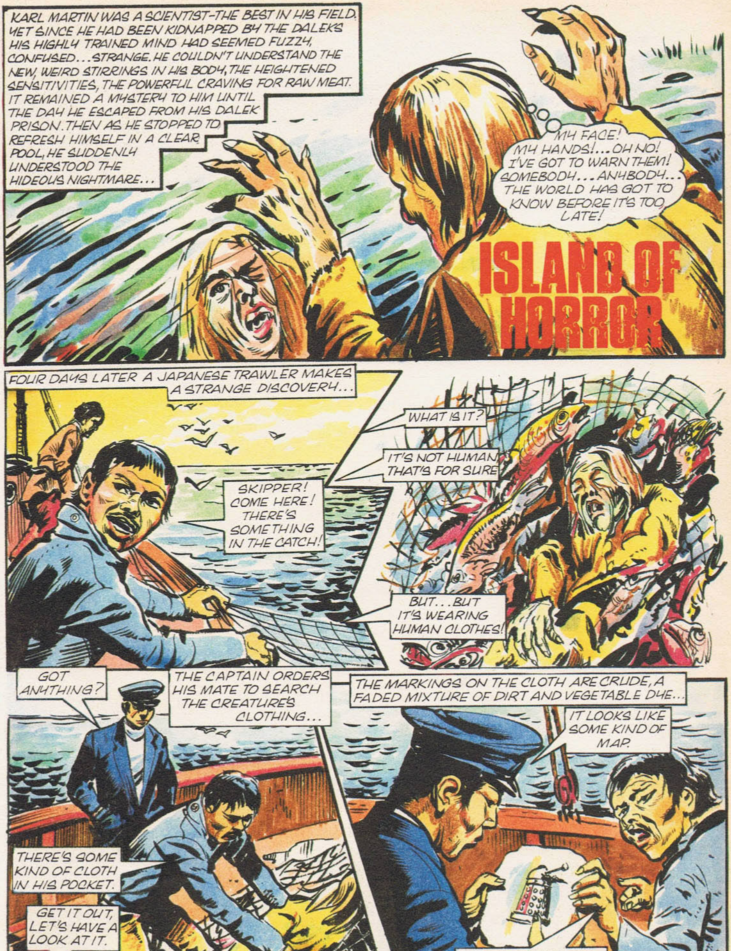
"Then count for yourself," said the Dalek intermediary. "Each group gave five prisoners to make up fifteen, and we gave one back to each. That means each group gave four prisoners, which makes twelve. Add the two others that are standing in front of the stage and that makes fourteen. Where is the fifteenth? He has escaped! Escaped to bring help and kill you all!"

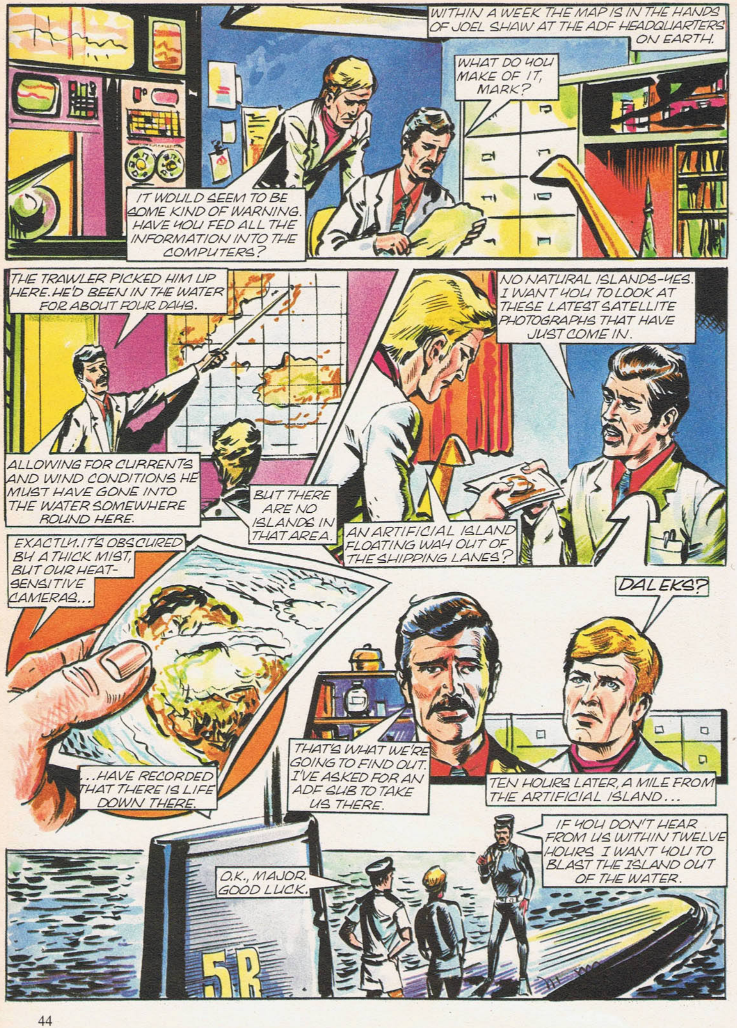
This statement set the slaves arguing among themselves and the Daleks took advantage of their misery, opening fire on them and wiping them all out.

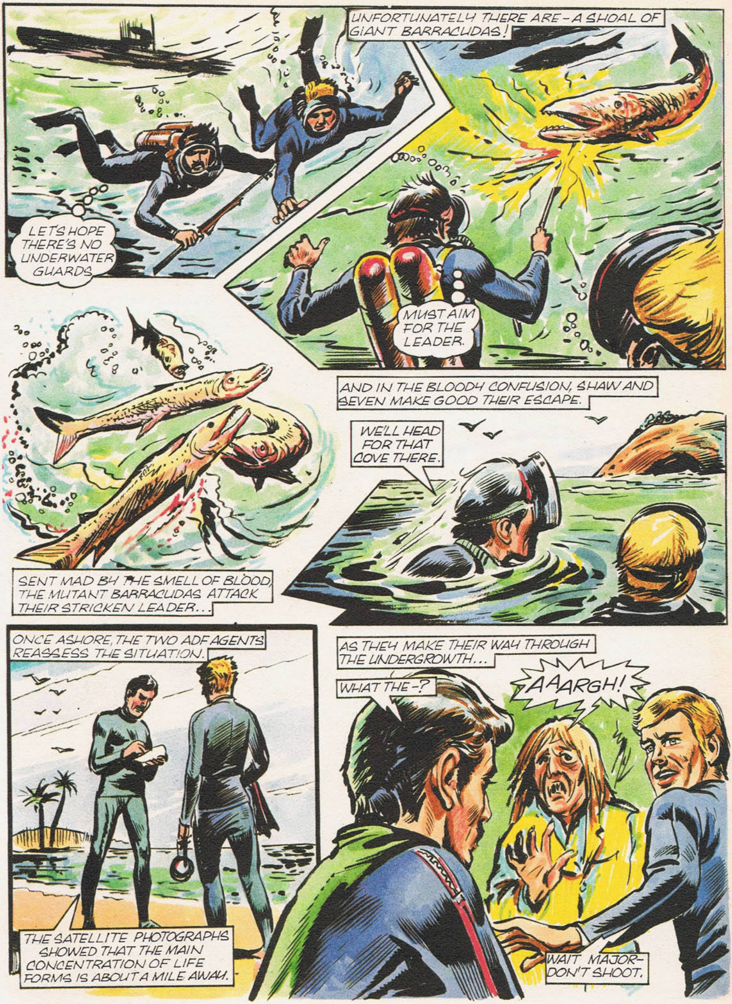
But, in fact, none of the Dalek hostages had escaped. Each group had given four hostages, and there were ten on the platform and two standing by it, making twelve in all.

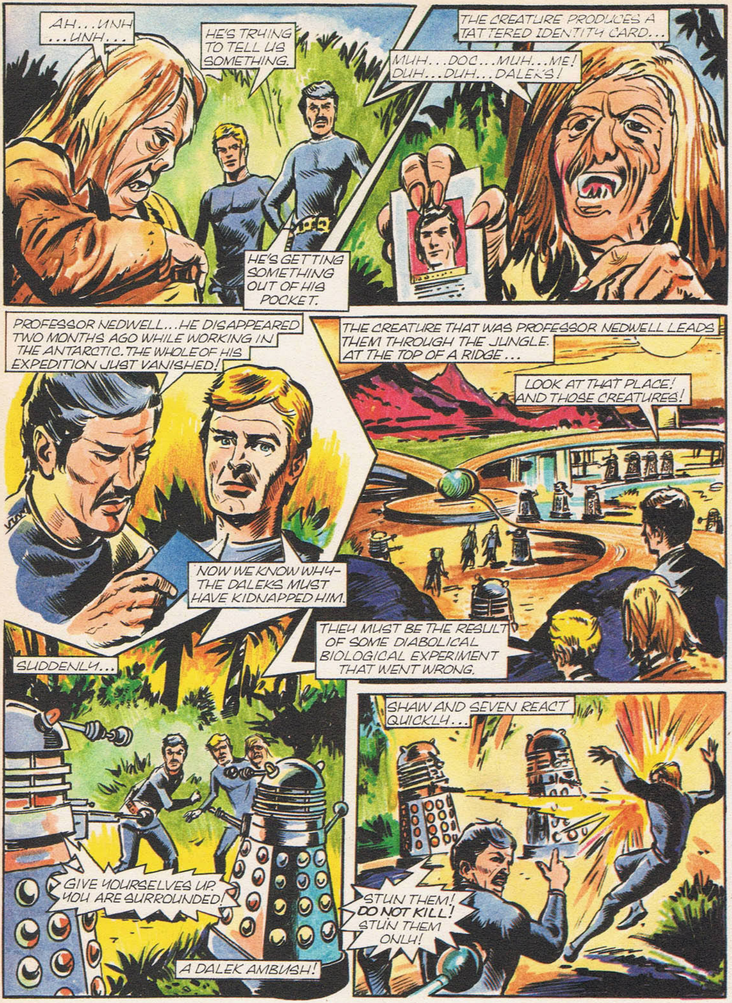
It was just another example of the Dalek 'sleight of mind'.

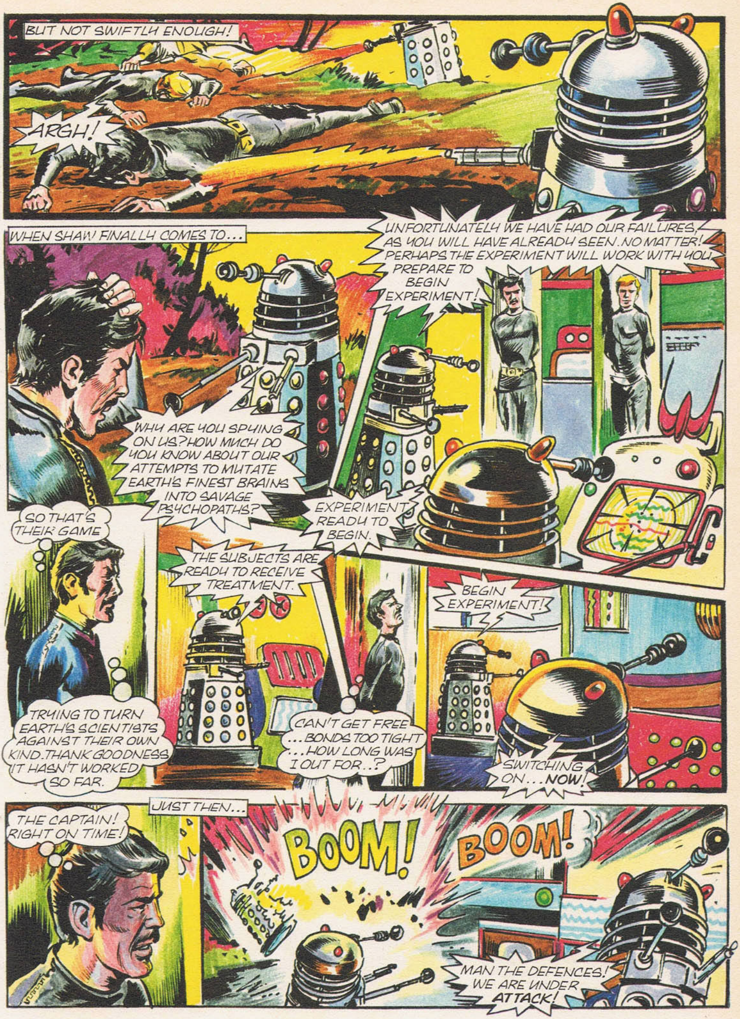
ISLAND OF HORROR

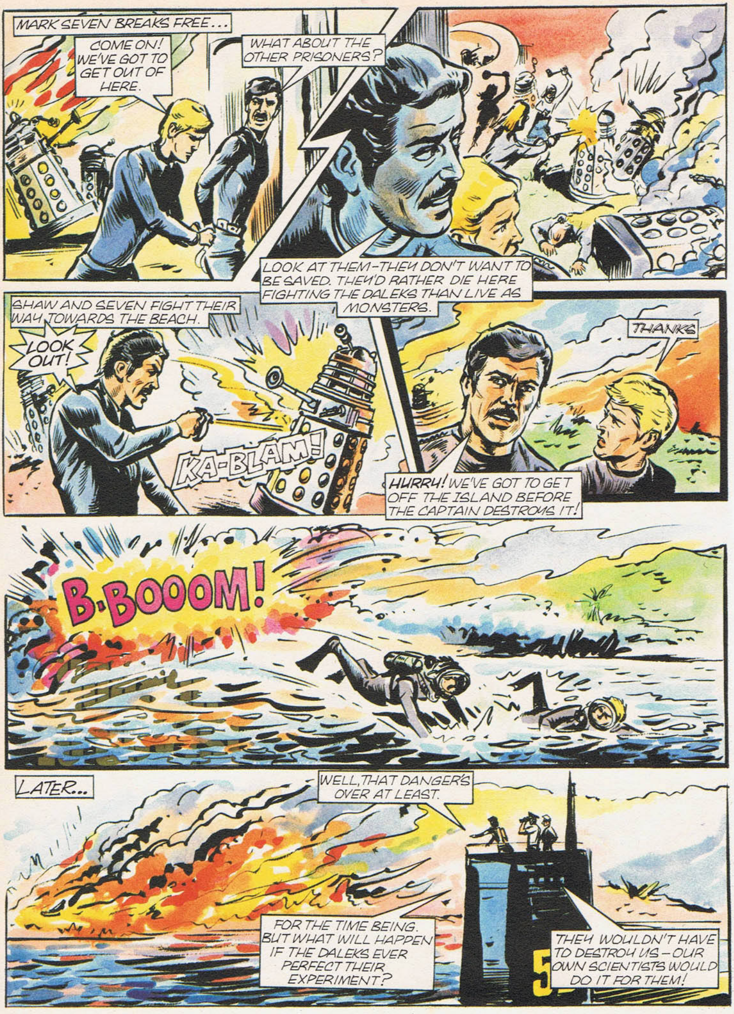

KARL MARTIN WAS A SCIENTIST-THE BEST IN HIS FIELD. YET SINCE HE HAD BEEN KIDNAPPED BY THE DALEKS HIS HIGHLY TRAINED MIND HAD SEEMED FUZZY, CONFUSED... STRANGE. HE COULDN'T UNDERSTAND THE NEW, WEIRD STIRRINGS IN HIS BODY, THE HEIGHTENED SENSITIVITIES, THE POWERFUL CRAVING FOR RAW MEAT. IT REMAINED A MYSTERY TO HIM UNTIL THE DAY HE ESCAPED FROM HIS DALEK PRISON. THEN AS HE STOPPED TO REFRESH HIMSELF IN A CLEAR POOL, HE SUDDENLY UNDERSTOOD THE HIDEOUS NIGHTMARE...
MY FACE! MY HANDS!... OH NO! I'VE GOT TO WARN THEM! SOMEBODY... ANYBODY... THE WORLD HAS GOT TO KNOW BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
ISLAND OF HORROR
FOUR DAYS LATER A JAPANESE TRAWLER MAKES A STRANGE DISCOVERY...
SKIPPER! COME HERE! THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE CATCH!
WHAT IS IT?
IT'S NOT HUMAN THAT'S FOR SURE
BUT... BUT IT'S WEARING HUMAN CLOTHES!
GOT ANYTHING?
THE CAPTAIN ORDERS HIS MATE TO SEARCH THE CREATURE'S CLOTHING...
THERE'S SOME KIND OF CLOTH IN HIS POCKET.
GET IT OUT, LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT IT.
THE MARKINGS ON THE CLOTH ARE CRUDE, A FADED MIXTURE OF DIRT AND VEGETABLE DYE...
IT LOOKS LIKE SOME KIND OF MAP.
BUT THAT PICTURE... THAT THING THERE... WHAT IS IT?


WITHIN A WEEK THE MAP IS IN THE HANDS OF JOEL SHAW AT THE ADF HEADQUARTERS ON EARTH.
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, MARK?
IT WOULD SEEM TO BE SOME KIND OF WARNING. HAVE YOU FED ALL THE INFORMATION INTO THE COMPUTERS?
THE TRAWLER PICKED HIM UP HERE. HE'D BEEN IN THE WATER FOR ABOUT FOUR DAYS.
ALLOWING FOR CURRENTS AND WIND CONDITIONS HE MUST HAVE GONE INTO THE WATER SOMEWHERE ROUND HERE.
BUT THERE ARE NO ISLANDS IN THAT AREA.
NO NATURAL ISLANDS-YES. I WANT YOU TO LOOK AT THESE LATEST SATELLITE PHOTOGRAPHS THAT HAVE JUST COME IN.
AN ARTIFICIAL ISLAND FLOATING WAY OUT OF THE SHIPPING LANES?
EXACTLY. IT'S OBSCURED BY A THICK MIST, BUT OUR HEAT-SENSITIVE CAMERAS...
...HAVE RECORDED THAT THERE IS LIFE DOWN THERE.
DALEKS?
THAT'S WHAT WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT. I'VE ASKED FOR AN ADF SUB TO TAKE US THERE.
TEN HOURS LATER, A MILE FROM THE ARTIFICIAL ISLAND...
IF YOU DON'T HEAR FROM US WITHIN TWELVE HOURS I WANT YOU TO BLAST THE ISLAND OUT OF THE WATER.
O.K., MAJOR. GOOD LUCK.
5R


LET'S HOPE THERE'S NO UNDERWATER GUARDS.
UNFORTUNATELY THERE ARE – A SHOAL OF GIANT BARRACUDAS!
MUST AIM FOR THE LEADER.
SENT MAD BY THE SMELL OF BLOOD, THE MUTANT BARRACUDAS ATTACK THEIR STRICKEN LEADER...
AND IN THE BLOODY CONFUSION, SHAW AND SEVEN MAKE GOOD THEIR ESCAPE.
WE'LL HEAD FOR THAT COVE THERE.
ONCE ASHORE, THE TWO ADF AGENTS REASSESS THE SITUATION.
THE SATELLITE PHOTOGRAPHS SHOWED THAT THE MAIN CONCENTRATION OF LIFE FORMS IS ABOUT A MILE AWAY.
AS THEY MAKE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE UNDERGROWTH...
WHAT THE –?
AAARGH!
WAIT MAJOR– DON'T SHOOT.


AH... UNH ...UNH...
HE'S TRYING TO TELL US SOMETHING.
HE'S GETTING SOMETHING OUT OF HIS POCKET.
THE CREATURE PRODUCES A TATTERED IDENTITY CARD...
MUH...DOC...MUH...ME! DUH...DUH...DALEKS!
PROFESSOR NEDWELL...HE DISAPPEARED TWO MONTHS AGO WHILE WORKING IN THE ANTARCTIC. THE WHOLE OF HIS EXPEDITION JUST VANISHED!
NOW WE KNOW WHY- THE DALEKS MUST HAVE KIDNAPPED HIM.
THE CREATURE THAT WAS PROFESSOR NEDWELL LEADS THEM THROUGH THE JUNGLE. AT THE TOP OF A RIDGE...
LOOK AT THAT PLACE! AND THOSE CREATURES!
THEY MUST BE THE RESULT OF SOME DIABOLICAL BIOLOGICAL EXPERIMENT THAT WENT WRONG.
SUDDENLY...
GIVE YOURSELVES UP. YOU ARE SURROUNDED!
A DALEK AMBUSH!
SHAW AND SEVEN REACT QUICKLY...
STUN THEM! DO NOT KILL! STUN THEM ONLY!


BUT NOT SWIFTLY ENOUGH!
ARGH!
WHEN SHAW FINALLY COMES TO...
UNFORTUNATELY WE HAVE HAD OUR FAILURES, AS YOU WILL HAVE ALREADY SEEN. NO MATTER! PERHAPS THE EXPERIMENT WILL WORK WITH YOU.
PREPARE TO BEGIN EXPERIMENT!
WHY ARE YOU SPYING ON US? HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ABOUT OUR ATTEMPTS TO MUTATE EARTH'S FINEST BRAINS INTO SAVAGE PSYCHOPATHS?
EXPERIMENT READY TO BEGIN.
SO THAT'S THEIR GAME
TRYING TO TURN EARTH'S SCIENTISTS AGAINST THEIR OWN KIND. THANK GOODNESS IT HASN'T WORKED SO FAR.
THE SUBJECTS ARE READY TO RECEIVE TREATMENT.
CAN'T GET FREE ... BONDS TOO TIGHT ... HOW LONG WAS I OUT FOR..?
BEGIN EXPERIMENT!
SWITCHING ON... NOW!
JUST THEN...
THE CAPTAIN! RIGHT ON TIME!
BOOM!
BOOM!
MAN THE DEFENCES! WE ARE UNDER ATTACK!


MARK SEVEN BREAKS FREE...
COME ON! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE.
WHAT ABOUT THE OTHER PRISONERS?
LOOK AT THEM-THEY DON'T WANT TO BE SAVED. THEY'D RATHER DIE HERE FIGHTING THE DALEKS THAN LIVE AS MONSTERS.
SHAW AND SEVEN FIGHT THEIR WAY TOWARDS THE BEACH.
LOOK OUT!
KA-BLAM!
THANKS
HURRY! WE'VE GOT TO GET OFF THE ISLAND BEFORE THE CAPTAIN DESTROYS IT!
B.BOOOM!
LATER...
WELL, THAT DANGER'S OVER AT LEAST.
FOR THE TIME BEING. BUT WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF THE DALEKS EVER PERFECT THEIR EXPERIMENT?
THEY WOULDN'T HAVE TO DESTROY US - OUR OWN SCIENTISTS WOULD DO IT FOR THEM!
5

A.D.F APTITUDE TEST

THE DALEK FILE (3)

DALEK TERMINOLOGY

A knowledge of Dalek terms is necessary for any ADF agent hoping to win the Daleks' confidence when posing as a traitor. This alone is no guarantee of safety, but it might prevent immediate execution. Here are some rudimentary Dalek terms.

ARKELLIS – A rare Skaroine plant that takes root in metal.

BRINDIGULUM – A meeting between four or more Daleks.

CELLULISE – to reduce in size to the point of invisibility.

DECARAIN – An amazing, seven-month long downpour.

ELFIEN – Material wealth.

FLAGEE – To punish.

GALKOR – An instruction to follow.

HAARFA – Damp mist that appears at certain times of the year.

HYPTONS – Natives of the Planet Mesmerus.

INFRALUX – Rays that cause invisibility.

J is a letter to be avoided. Any word prefaced by the letter J is taken as an insult.

KAVAY – To drink.

LAMEE – Evil.

MECHANOIDS – Completely mechanical hostile beings with reasoning ability and speech.

MOTIVATORS – Retractable tracks on Dalek Space Ships.

NIJ – Insistence.

OCTOVARNS – Natives of the Planet Varnicon.

PREBLIN – Rock.

QUADRAMENT – Instrument for registering altitude.

QUIRITILS – Laws.

RELS – A measure of hydro-electricity.

SLYTHER – Skaroine creature.

TABADA – Dalek scholar.

URVACRYL – Two-headed eel from the Lake of Mutations.

VEPS – A measure of artificial sunlight.

WALLINS – Slaves.

XEROD – Desert.

YAREN – To be quick.

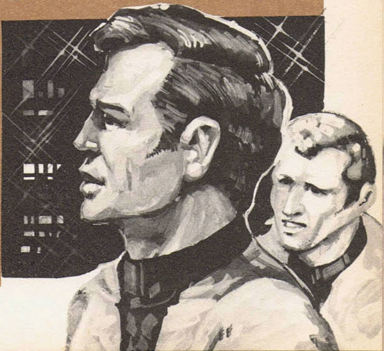
Z is an important Dalek letter. To preface a word with the letter Z is a sign of respect.

ZYQUIVILLY – Farewell.

Those hoping for an invitation to apply for acceptance as an ADF recruit have fifteen seconds to answer the following questions.

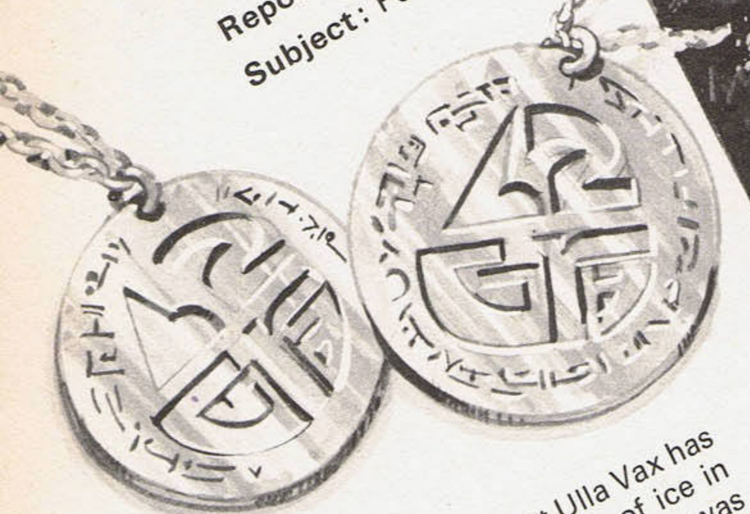
1. What does Kavay mean?
2. Which letter is considered an insult?
3. What is the Dalek word for wealth?
4. Where do the Hyptons live?
5. How long does the Decarain last?

A ninety-five to one hundred per cent success rate in the three ADF aptitude tests means any application for acceptance as an ADF recruit – subject to further intensive training – would be viewed in a favourable light.



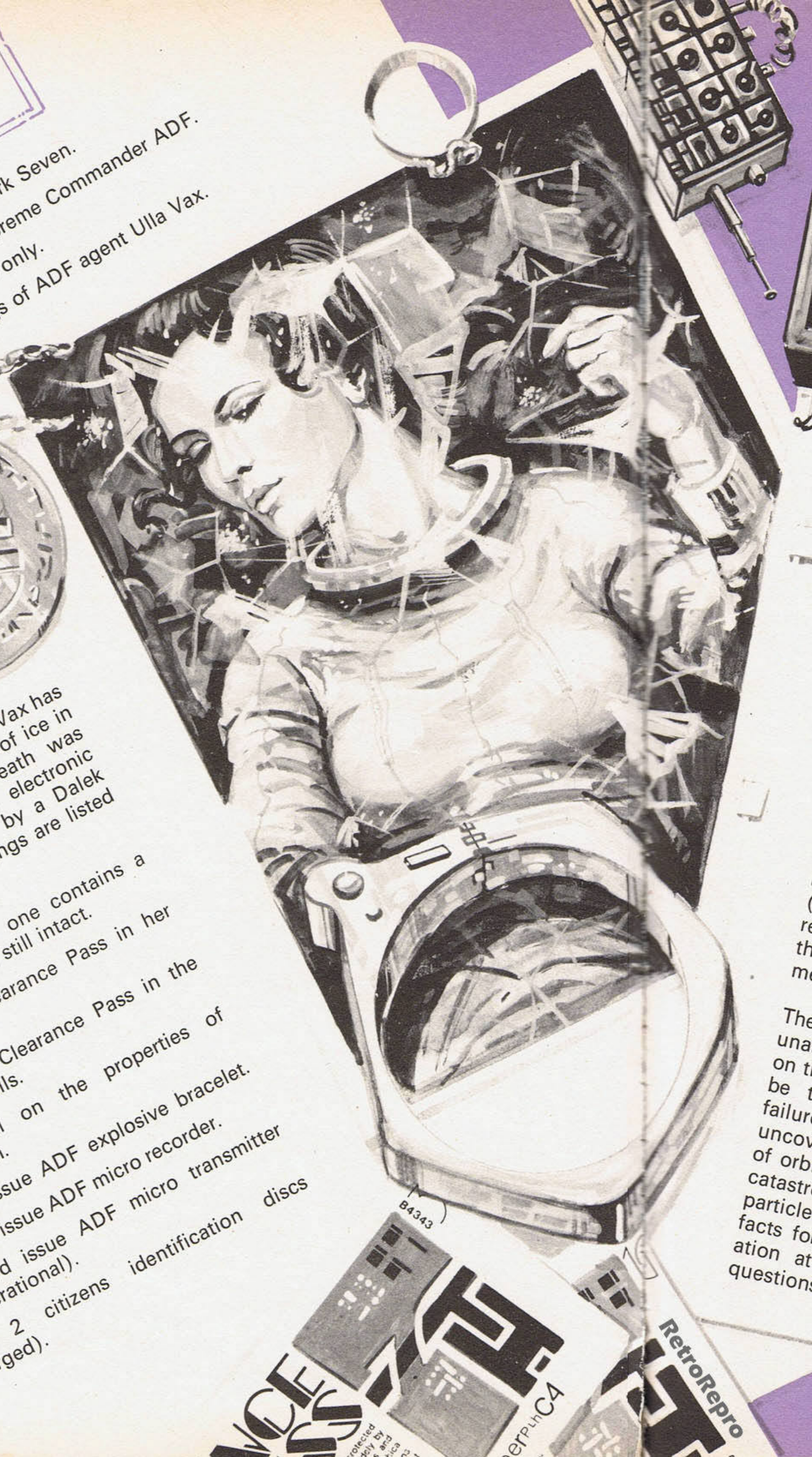
SPECIAL REPORT

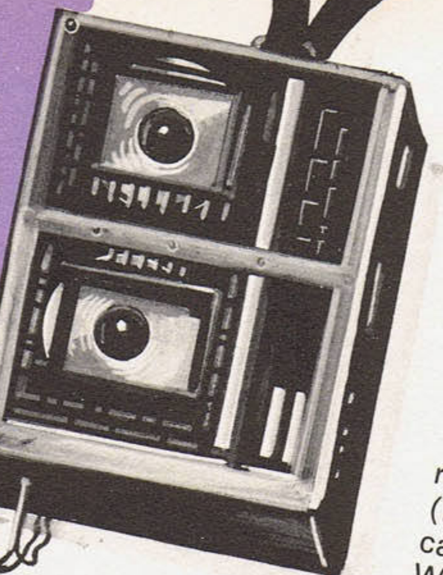
From: Humanoid Robot Agent Mark Seven.
To: Space Major Joel Shaw, Supreme Commander ADF.
Report Rating: For your eyes only.
Subject: Personal belongings of ADF agent Ulla Vax.



The body of ADF Special Agent Ulla Vax has been discovered frozen in a block of ice in the Arctic region of Gra 2. Death was apparently caused by multiple electronic blasts consistent with murder by a Dalek execution squad. Her belongings are listed below.

1. Two rings. The larger one contains a poison capsule that is still intact.
2. Seventh Galaxy Clearance Pass in her own name.
3. Seventh Galaxy Clearance Pass in the name of Zeer Hills.
4. Small manual on the properties of Crystallanium.
5. Standard issue ADF explosive bracelet.
6. Standard issue ADF micro recorder.
7. Standard issue ADF micro transmitter (inoperational).
8. Gra 2 citizens identification discs (forged).





There were remnants of several other articles that have not been identified. The Communications executive officer has furnished me with a transcript of the micro recorder's contents and I include it. Several times the recording becomes inaudible and the time lost is noted in brackets. What Agent Vax was saying can only be guessed at. This is the transcript as given to me.

". . . (Inaudible – 8 seconds) . . . to discover reason for intense Dalek activity on . . . (Inaudible – 30 seconds) . . . in an 'M' capsule and infiltrated the slave workforce. We were engaged in digging holes up to four miles deep in the ice. At the bottom of each hole was a huge nuclear powered . . . (Inaudible – 17 seconds) . . . use them to throw the planet out of orbit. This would in turn alter the orbits of the other planets in the Seventh Galaxy and cause widespread destruction. It would seem that the Daleks are willing to accept. . . . (Inaudible – 22 seconds) . . . inadequately guarded as the slaves are kept in a state of drugged obedience. From there I was able to make my way to the engine itself. Approaching the engine, I was challenged by a Dalek guard who fired twice, wounding me in the leg and . . . (Inaudible – 14 seconds) . . . general alarms, which gave me a chance to escape with the particle of Crystallanium. Without it the guidance system on the engines will be utterly . . . (Inaudible – 4 seconds) . . . other workers were trying to hide, I climbed in an ice bucket and . . . (Inaudible – 29 seconds) . . . change the rendezvous point. There are some Daleks in the vicinity, but they are not . . . (Inaudible – message ends)."

The Communications executive officer was unable to provide a reason for the erasures on the tape, but said they could quite easily be the result of an intermittent power failure. It would seem that Agent Vax uncovered a Dalek plot to shift a planet out of orbit and was able to at least delay this catastrophe by removing a Crystallanium particle. Unfortunately there are several facts for which there is no logical explanation at this moment, and a number of questions must be answered.

Crystallanium
Manual

First of all, we do not know which planet Agent Vax was referring to. Her mission was on Palk and her body was discovered on Gar 2. Neither of these planets show signs of the activity she described.

Voice tests show that the recording is of Agent Vax's voice, but the tape could be the result of skilful Dalek editing, designed to mislead us.

Where did Agent Vax obtain her Gra 2 identification disc? No ADF department issued one to her. Nor was there any record of a rendezvous point being arranged.

Most important of all, there was no trace of the Crystallanium particle among Agent Vax's belongings.

I do not need to stress the importance of discovering the facts behind this message, or the terrible implications should it be proved true.

I am available for immediate action and await your orders.

Mark Seven.

The Planet that cried 'Wolf!'

Professor Verlaine coughed uneasily. He studied Zarg's ruddy, thickly bearded face intently, carefully searching for some sign, some flickering of the facial muscles that would indicate the man might consider changing his mind. There was none. Zarg's steady smile was mocking, and his violent blue eyes cut through the Professor's fragile show of confidence like twin lasers, searing into his mind, burning all the reasoned arguments from his brain.

"You realise where this might lead?" The Professor fidgeted as he waited for the generator to build up power.

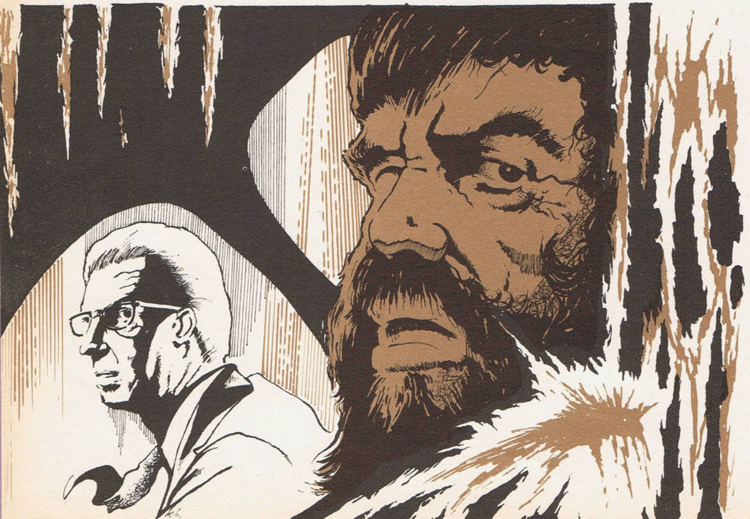
"Off this God-forsaken planet—that's where it will lead." Zarg's voice was little more than a whisper, but the menace it contained was all too evident.

The Professor adjusted his spectacles and pushed a long lank strand of hair behind his ear. Zarg's nearness unnerved him. The restless pent-up energy in the man's huge frame disturbed him, the incredible power of Zarg's personality made him want to run. The man was capable of absolutely anything.

The Professor's own crimes had been bad enough. The United Planets' Judiciary, while acknowledging the pressure he had been under, had described him as 'incurable' and 'a fiend incapable of remorse, a threat to civilised society'. That was why he'd been sent to Penal Planet X26 in the first place.

But of all the murderers on Penal Planet X26, whether they murdered for gain, revenge or 'ideals', Zarg seemed the worse. The intensity of feeling that fuelled his ceaseless attempts to escape shone from his eyes. The man would be at home in the nightmares of the most fertile imagination. He was hatred itself, and he had nowhere to go . . . until now.

"The Security Forces have orders not to answer distress calls from Penal Planets." The Professor's objections were increasingly



feeble. Zarg seemed amused by tne older man's discomfort.

"We don't want a fleet of Warder Ships down here anyway," he said. "We want the bright-eyed and bushy-tailed brigade, we want the whizz kids with their powerful ships, the Federation's very own wonder boys." He thrust a piece of paper into the Professor's hand. "Now start transmitting."

The Professor could stall no longer. There was easily enough energy in the generators to transmit to the nearest relay station. He read the note twice, and then, in a lifeless, resigned voice, he began.

"Penal Planet X26 calling. This is an emergency . . . I repeat, this is an emergency . . . Alien invasion in progress on Penal Planet X26 . . . Penal Planet X26 under attack by Daleks . . . I repeat, Penal Planet X26 under attack by Daleks. This is an emergency. This is an emergency. . . ."

Space Major Joel Shaw and his Martian second-in-command Reb Shavron were already on patrol when they got the news. Reb tossed her dark, wavy hair from her shoulders as she read it.

"But what would the Daleks want on X26?" she asked, not really expecting an answer. "The mineral content of all Penal Planets is carefully screened and they have no strategic importance whatsoever."

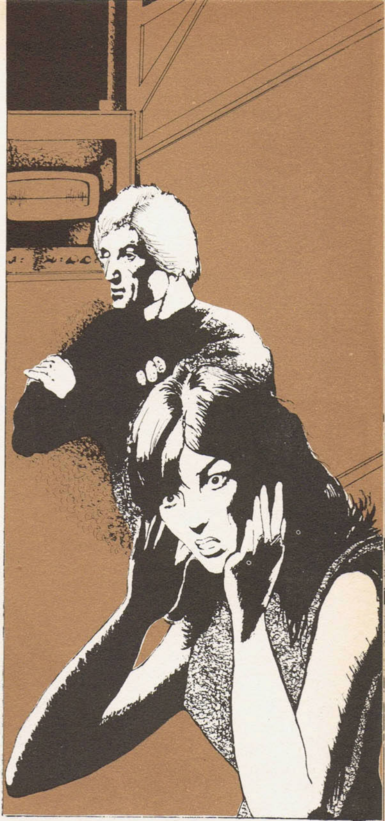
"It could be a hoax," said Shaw, "but that's a chance I'm not prepared to take. X26 has made remarkable progress since the first convicts were shipped out, and there are some brilliant—if twisted—minds there. Perhaps one of the renegade scientists has come up with some weapon that interests the Daleks. Have you checked the origin of the signals?"

"They're constant. They're coming from a hilly area on the third largest landmass . . . co-ordinates 2695 by 1138. We should be landing in seven and a half minutes."

"And still no sign on the scanners of Dalek activity?" Shaw wasn't eager to get involved with internal security matters.

"None at all, although there is a strong build-up of power in the landing area. Maybe it's—"

Reb Shavron stopped in mid speech. She stood stock still with her mouth open and a glazed look in her eyes. Without warning, her mind was filled with images so strong,



so real, so vivid and so pressing that her mission suddenly became irrelevant. It was as though another mind had entered her own, unlocked a door, and awakened the long-abandoned sensory circuits in the corners of her brain. Like a child staring into the flame of a candle, her mind wandered unchecked, freed from any responsibility, freed from any obligation, freed from the never-ending vigilance required to combat the Daleks.

Shaw was the same. He was smiling, but

he didn't know what he was smiling at. He watched his hands moving the controls as if they belonged to somebody else. He was powerless. He could no more dictate their movements than he could shake the strange, wonderful images free from his brain. His smile remained fixed as the ADF ship cruised over a valley, turned at the top and began to land. It was only when he saw the ground rushing up to meet him that he managed to gain some semblance of control over the ship. And then it was too late.

The ADF ship sloughed across a crude road, bounced over a field and finally came to rest on the edge of a steep drop. There was a strong wind and Shaw felt the ship swaying on the edge, as if it was about to topple over. He switched on the automatic distress signal, left the controls, grabbed hold of the dazed Reb Shavron and ran for the emergency hatch. The sudden movement caused the ship to rock gently, and when Shaw got outside he saw that it was balanced precariously on the edge of a ravine. One sudden gust of wind would send it plummetting down.

Shaw heard a noise and went for his gun, but when he saw what he was up against he let his arm fall limply to his side. He and Reb were surrounded by twenty or more men, all armed. The leader, a huge man with a thick beard, stepped forward.

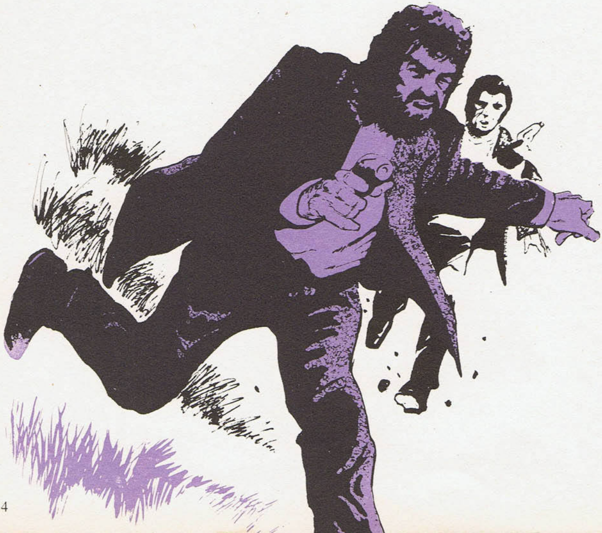
"Pleased to meet you," he said, "I'm Zarg. So sorry our friendship has to end, but you're of no use to me . . . Bye-bye." Zarg's teeth showed in a bitter smile as he flipped the safety catch on his primitive gun and began to squeeze the trigger.

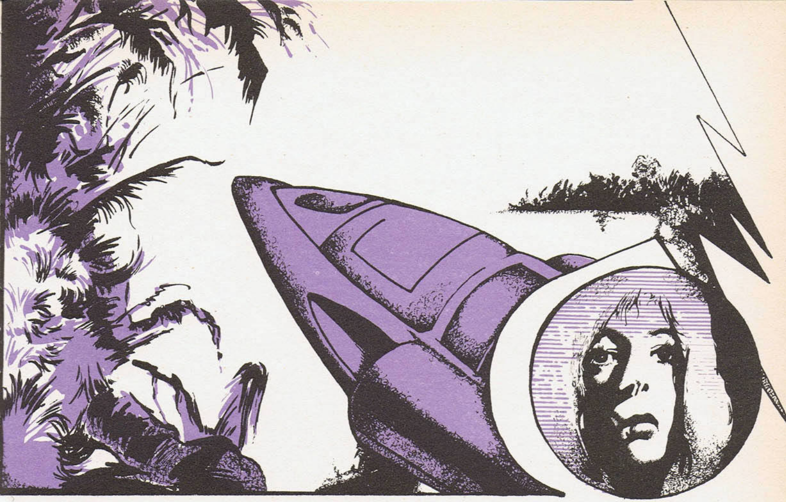
"Shaw . . . calling Space Major Shaw . . . can you hear me? Shaw . . . can you hear me?" The voice was faint, but it was clear. Zarg lowered his gun without firing.

"The radio—it's still working."

"That's right, and if it isn't answered soon this place will be swarming with Security Men." Shaw was determined to make the most of his chance.

"We're not bothered about them," Zarg spoke without worry or fear. "After all, we've got the Professor's machine to take care of them, just as it took care of you. What we want are more ADF ships—they're





much faster. Get into that ship and tell the ADF to send reinforcements." Zarg motioned with his gun towards the ship, which was still teetering on the edge of the cliff.

"The radio's in the front. If I go in there, the ship will go over the edge."

Zarg studied the ADF ship. It seemed as if it would fall any minute. He looked at Shaw, then at his men, then at Reb.

"You're right, of course, you are too heavy. Someone much lighter is needed, someone like her." He levelled his gun at Reb's stomach.

"No!" shouted Shaw, before three convicts grabbed him and held him tight. Reb gave him a comforting smile and headed for the hatchway of the ship. She knew if she could get hold of some of the weapons on board they would have a chance.

The convicts watched in silence as Reb climbed aboard. The wind whistled down the mountainside, making them hunch deeper into their thick clothing. Shaw forced himself to breathe regularly.

About ten seconds after Reb had clambered inside a strong gust of wind hit the ADF ship, and it began to rock again, inching forward towards the edge as it did so.

"Reb! Come on out! She's going!"

Shaw's warning, if she heard it, was useless to Reb. The centre of balance of the ADF ship slid closer and closer to the edge. With agonising slowness the nose began to point down over the cliff. The tail rose first by inches, then by feet. There was a swishing sound as the metal hull slipped over the damp grass and the ADF ship disappeared from view over the edge of the cliff. Shaw heard some bumps, then a muffled explosion. A cloud of black smoke rose from the ravine.

"You murdering scum!"

Zarg shrugged his massive shoulders and looked up to the sky. He was about to speak when he saw something. He lifted his hand to his brow and squinted upwards. Shaw followed his gaze. Four small dots were moving in formation across the sky. The four dots began circling their position, getting larger as they did so.

"Your back-up team is fast," said Zarg. "But the Professor's machine will soon deal with them."

Shaw watched the four dots getting closer with growing concern.

"That's not our back-up team," he said finally, "and I don't think the Professor's machine will be useful here. Those are Dalek ships."

Zarg rounded on him with a sneer.

"Daleks? That was just a hoax—a ruse to drag you here."

"Fool!" Shaw's voice was bitter, contemptuous. "The Daleks monitor almost every sector of space. You don't think they'd miss your distress call or the massive power build-up in this area, do you? This is probably a reconnaissance probe. The rest will be along later to wipe you all out and take whatever it is that your precious Professor has invented."

Zarg looked from Shaw to the four ships. They were clearly visible now, and the convicts could see that they were not ADF ships. One ship broke formation and headed low along the valley towards them.

"Get down!" shouted Shaw, shaking his arms free and dropping onto the grass. Some of the convicts followed suit. Some stood there, indecisive, until the Dalek laser cannons blasted them out of existence. The Dalek ship zipped over them, then began banking at the end of the valley, readying itself for another run.

Shaw jumped to his feet. "Where's the Professor's machine?" Having already felt its power, he knew how deadly the mind-bending machine would be under Dalek control.

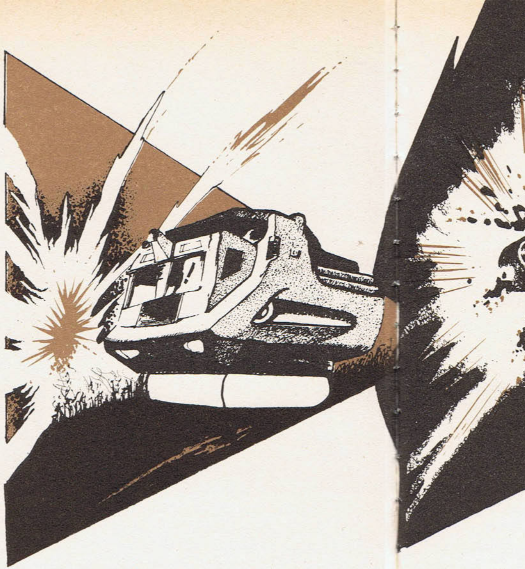
Zarg was suddenly by his side, a huge grenade in his hand.

"It's about three miles up the valley, using the road. We've got some hover waggons in the dip, but first I want to blow up a Dalek with this little beauty." He moved for the activation pin on the grenade, but Shaw held his arm.

"Don't be stupid. Save it till you've got a better chance of success." Shaw signalled for the others to spread out and run for the hover waggons. "To the Professor's—in convoy!" he shouted.

The Dalek ship passed above them again, but this time the losses were slight. By the time the Dalek ship had changed course for a third run, they were in the hover waggons and heading for a bend in the valley road. In the leading waggon, Zarg turned to Shaw and shouted across the cab.

"Once we're round the corner, I've got a plan. We were going to use it against you if the Professor's machine hadn't worked! We—" He ducked his head as the side window shattered and a loud explosion from behind told him that at least one of the convoy wasn't going to make it. As the Dalek ship raced overhead Shaw stuck his head out of the window and looked back. Two of the hover waggons had been completely destroyed; two more were damaged, and only one other seemed to be operating on full power.



"This plan had better be good," he said, "or we'll never survive another run."

Zarg turned the hover waggons round a bend in the road. Here the valley became narrower, and large pylons reached over the hill, stretching above the wooded hillside, carrying energy cables across the country.

Zarg pulled his waggon to a halt at the side of the road, leapt out and waved the others on past him. As he did so, he noticed a second Dalek ship had joined the attack. With Shaw by his side he sprinted towards a large exposed mound by the side of the road. He raised his gun to eye level as the two Dalek ships came bearing down on the convoy.

"Let them get a good look at that uniform," he said roughly.

Shaw realised what Zarg was trying to do. He raised his own pistol and, standing in clear view of the attacking Dalek ships, opened fire.

Neither Shaw nor Zarg had any chance of destroying the Daleks with their puny weapons, but they hoped they might at least attract their attention away from the convoy.

The Dalek on the left spotted them first. Seeing Shaw's ADF uniform he altered course slightly to the left and downwards to get a better shot. Seeing his action, the second Dalek followed suit.

As soon as it hit the cables, the first Dalek ship exploded in a ball of red and yellow flames. The second ship passed straight through the burning wreckage and broken wires, clipped the top of a pylon, somersaulted violently, then cartwheeled over the convoy before burying itself into the side of the hill. There were a few tense, quiet, stunned seconds and then the ship exploded.

Zarg leapt in the air with delight. "We've done it! We've done it!"

Shaw struck him across the face.

"There's two more up there and either one of them could blow us to smithereens." He signalled for the remainder of the convoy to stop. "Get the men over here—we're going into the woods." He pointed up the hill where a thick wood began.

Zarg stared at him sullenly.

As they ran towards the woods, Shaw counted the survivors. There were seven including himself. He slowed and let Zarg catch him up.

"Is there a way through the woods to where the Professor is?"

Zarg nodded.

"His laboratory is on the other side of the hill."

"Are there any caves in the wood, anywhere we can hide underground? The Daleks could burn up the whole wood in half an hour."

"There's no real caves, but there's plenty of overhangs and crevices, plenty of places to hide."

"Then get yourselves hidden—here they come again." Shaw stopped at the edge of the forest and watched the two Dalek ships hovering over the wrecked ships of their comrades. One of them circled and landed and the other one sped straight for the wood. Shaw threw himself to the ground once again.

Shaw pushed his face hard into the earth. He felt a burst of heat pass over him, and heard the sound of trees exploding. His neck burned violently. As the Dalek ship went over him he rolled over and put his hand to his head. His hair was on fire. He scooped a handful of mud and rubbed it into his scalp. The fire went out. He got up and staggered towards the smoking stump of a tree. He knelt down, raised his gun, and waited for the Dalek ship to return.

Seconds passed, then minutes. To Shaw they seemed like hours. He looked at his watch. The numbers seemed frozen. Then the five changed to six, and then to seven, and Shaw realised that the loud insistent thumping noise was his heart. Another two minutes passed, and the Daleks who had landed in the valley were already disembarking before it hit him.

The Dalek ship wasn't coming back! Not now anyway. It was going straight to the source of the power build-up, straight to the Professor's laboratory. While one ship stayed to wipe them out, the other would be busy stealing the Professor's machine.

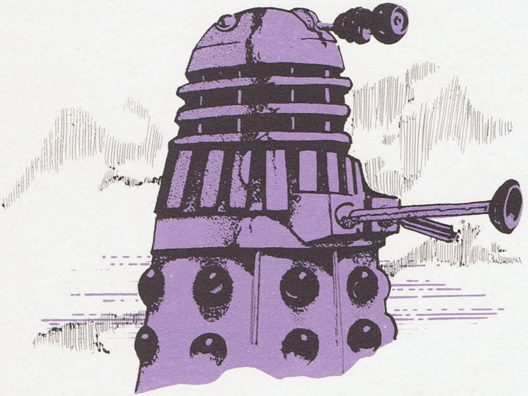
Shaw looked into the valley to see the Daleks lumbering up the hill towards him. There were six of them in all. He turned and ran through the wood. There was no time to stop and fight. He had to destroy the Professor's machine before the Daleks could learn how it worked.

"Shaw!" Zarg's voice was instantly recognisable. Shaw stopped and looked around him. He could see nothing.

"Shaw!" The voice seemed weaker. Shaw saw a bloodstained hand clawing the top of a devastated tree stump. It took Shaw some seconds to realise that the dark, shapeless mess protruding from behind the tree was what remained of Zarg's legs. He walked over. Zarg was trying to pull himself up with one hand.

"Shaw," gasped Zarg, "take my gun."

Shaw picked up Zarg's crude rifle. He looked down the hill. The Daleks were getting closer. Zarg waved him on, urging



him to join the four fit men left standing.

"Go on," he said, pointing to the group of four who were waiting further up the hill. Shaw looked down at him. Zarg's injuries were horrific. Shaw couldn't understand how he was still alive. Suddenly Zarg's lips drew back and he bared his teeth in a hideous grin. From out of his pocket he pulled the huge grenade. Shaw shuddered as Zarg began laughing.

"Go on!" He laughed, "Go on, bright eyes! Go on and save the world!"

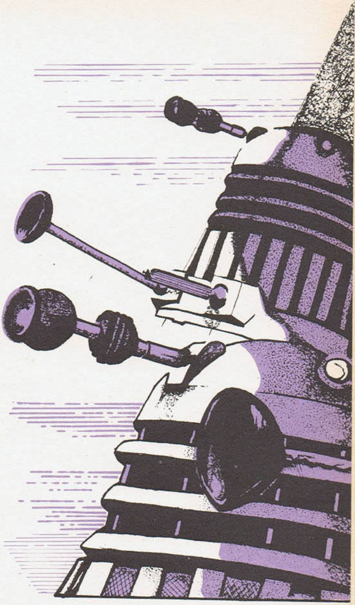
Shaw turned and strode up the hill, Zarg's grotesque laughter ringing in his ears. The four men waited for his orders. They were killers, but they were still human beings. And the fight against the Daleks involved all human beings.

"Let's go."

As they ran at a crouch from tree to tree they could hear Zarg's mocking voice in the background.

"Daleks! Over here! I'm the one who sent the message! Over here! I can tell you where to find what you want."

At the top of the hill Shaw turned to look. He counted six Daleks standing round Zarg in a semi-circle, their weapons trained on his wrecked body. Zarg lifted up the grenade and offered it to them.



"Here it is," he laughed, "here's what you're looking for."

Shaw turned back and motioned his men down the other side of the hill. The sound of the exploding grenade didn't even make them break their stride. They still had a job to do. Flitting from tree to tree they made their way down to the Professor's laboratory. Shaw stopped them on the edge of the wood.

The laboratory was in a low, flat-roofed building. In the middle of the roof, circling slowly, was a large half moon of fine wire mesh. From the centre, a metal rod pointed skywards.

"The Professor's machine?" whispered Shaw.

The man by his side nodded.

"That guides the beams. The actual power

ANSWERS

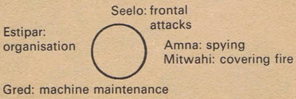
REPAIR ANALYSIS:

Component no 5 is responsible for the high pitched scream.

Component no 2 is responsible for the lights dimming.

Component no 1 is responsible for the failure of the guidance system.

COMMITTEE OF WAR:



NUMBER SLIP:

105737
81046
24691

KIDNAP ON KASBY:

Zarl was in the Kasbian Sea caves.

BATTLE STATISTICS

The Daleks won both their battles, so none of them were inconclusive. That means the Workforce's inconclusive battle was against the Aristocracy. As the result was inconclusive, casualties were the same on both sides. If there had been no casualties on either side, the result of the battle between the Daleks and the Workforce would have been 4 units of casualties to 1 in the Daleks' favour. But the Daleks only claimed 4 units of casualties altogether and they won two victories, so the result of the battle between the Aristocracy and the Workforce was 1 unit of casualties each. That means the Daleks defeated the Aristocracy by 1 unit of casualties to none, and they beat the Workforce by 3 units of casualties against none.

The full results of the battles were as follows: The Daleks defeated the Aristocracy by 1 unit of casualties with none lost. The Daleks defeated the Workforce by 3 units of casualties with none lost. The Aristocracy and the Workforce fought an inconclusive battle with one unit of casualties lost on both sides.

		RESULTS			CASUALTIES	
COMBATANTS	NUMBER OF BATTLES	VICTORY	DEFEAT	INCONCLUSIVE	CLAIMED	ADMITTED
DALEKS	2	2	0	0	4	0
ARISTOCRACY	2	0	1	1	1	2
WORKFORCE	2	0	1	1	1	4

SURVEILLANCE REPORT:

Ikla is innocent.

Bork is the expert with the vibrating sword.

Shmailen is the expert with gas.

Ris is the explosives expert.

source is inside. The machine could affect a thousand ships in the way it did yours. If the Daleks get it—"

As the man's voice trailed off, Shaw looked round. The Dalek ship stood by the entrance to the laboratory, a lone Dalek on guard. The rest were probably inside, studying the Professor's machine. Shaw lay on the ground and aimed Zarg's rifle at the Dalek.

"When I fire, start running for the building."

Shaw got the Dalek in his sights. He waited until the Dalek turned to face in his direction, then he squeezed the trigger. A small hole appeared in the front of the Dalek's casing, its gun fired once, wildly, at the sky, and then thin grey smoke drifted out of the slats at the top of its metal body.

"Let's go!"

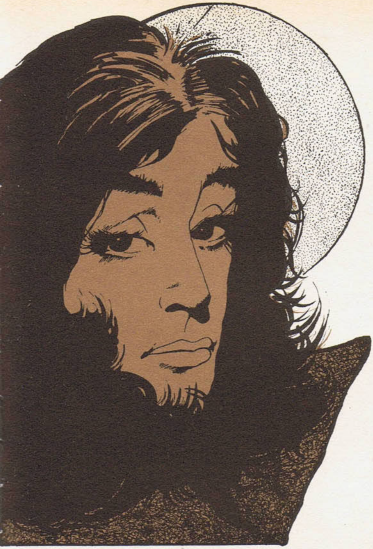
Shaw scrambled to his feet and joined the others in a rush towards the laboratory. They were crossing a space of open ground when large spouts of earth erupting around their feet told them they were being fired on.

Shaw reached the door to the laboratory, blasted the handle away and kicked it open. He dived inside with the other men on his heels.

As he got to his feet, a curse escaped his lips. The whole place was empty! There was no sign of the Daleks, no sign of the Professor or his machine. Suddenly the wall behind them crashed inwards, and a hole appeared, sending wood, plaster and bricks showering over them. It was a trap. The Daleks had already got the Professor's machine and now they had Shaw and his men cooped up inside an easy target.

Shaw crawled to the window of the laboratory. He could see two Daleks firing from cover in the wood. A sudden flash pinpointed a third. There was a startling crack behind him and one of the beams supporting the roof fell down.

Shaw looked at the unguarded Dalek ship. Was there anybody in it? If he could get inside he could use the Daleks' own guns against them. He measured the distance. It was no use. He'd be cut down before he ran twenty paces. A segment of wall beside him caved in and crumbled smoking to the floor. Perhaps there was no alternative. If they all went together, one of them might make it.



As Shaw looked longingly at the laser cannons on the Dalek ship, he felt the singed stubble of hair on the back of his neck begin to prickle. The turret was moving. Shaw watched helplessly as the cannons turned slowly towards the laboratory. Anger and frustration boiled within him. So this was it at last. One blast from the cannons would turn the laboratory into ruins. When the cannon was pointing directly at him, Shaw stared defiantly down the barrel as he reloaded both his weapons. If he had to go, he was going to go out with both guns blazing. He opened fire on the ship, waiting for the cannons to start blasting and end it all.

But the cannons did not fire. Thev did not stop. They kept turning, sweeping past the laboratory and slowly circling towards the wood.

Shaw held his fire.

Then the cannons stopped and the muzzles were lowered slightly. A light blue flash leapt from one, then another. The wood exploded in a sea of flame. Six more bolts of instant death slammed into the forest, and two Daleks blundered out of their hiding places, burning fiercely and firing indiscriminately.

Shaw emptied his gun at one of them and a well-aimed shot from the laser cannons disintegrated the other.

Shaw waited for more Daleks to show. One of the convicts joined him at the window, shadows from the fire flickering across his face. A small figure stumbled from the blazing undergrowth.

"Professor Verlaine!" said the convict.

"If there's any Daleks left alive he won't reach us," said Shaw grimly.

They watched as the figure tottered towards them. There was no more fire from the woods. Shaw saw the hatch of the Dalek ship open and a head of dark wavy hair appear.

"Reb!" Shaw rushed outside and ran to the Martian girl. "Reb, it's so good to see you. How on earth—"

Reb laughed as Shaw embraced her.

"When I heard you shout I kept by the hatch. As the ship went over the edge I jumped clear onto a ledge. Then, when the Daleks came, I thought it might be better if I stayed out of sight and came straight here. I couldn't warn you about the trap, but when you made your run I sneaked aboard their ship." She pointed at the Dalek guard that Shaw had shot. "That was pretty good shooting, Major."

Reb and Shaw helped the Professor back into the laboratory. The Professor slumped against a wall.

"My machine . . . destroyed. I shall never build another again. I destroyed the plans myself when the Daleks came, but they were going to kidnap me and make me talk. Thank goodness it's all over."

Shaw sank wearily onto his haunches.

"Is it?"

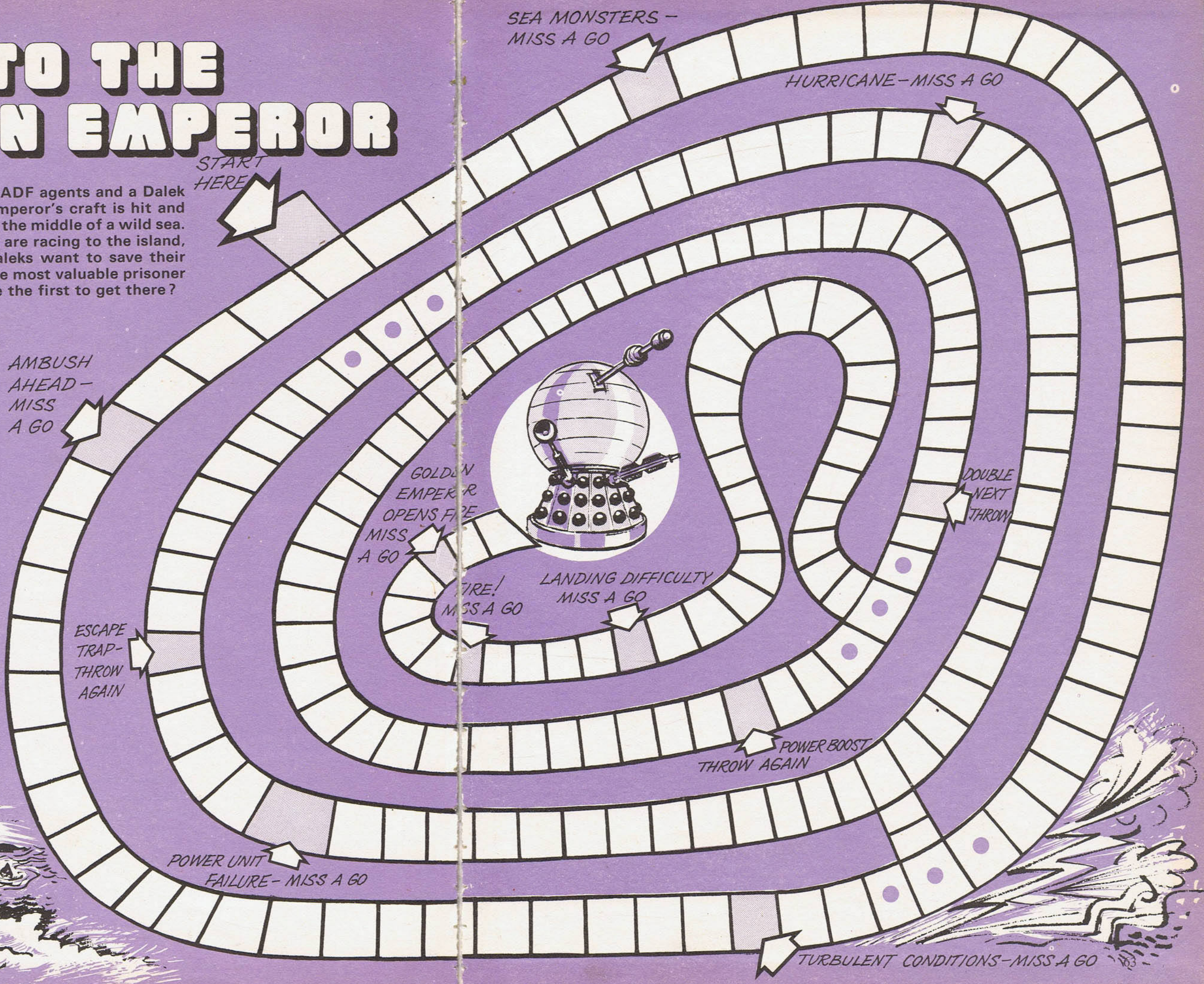
The six left alive stared at him, waiting for an explanation. Shaw picked up a spent cartridge from the floor and examined it as he spoke.

"We sent out a distress signal as soon as we landed. Our men will be heading here as fast as they can, but . . ." he sighed and threw the cartridge to one side, ". . . but then so will the Daleks. They want what's in your head, Professor, and all we can do is sit here and wait. The question is . . . who's going to get here first?"

RACE TO THE GOLDEN EMPEROR

In an all-out battle between ADF agents and a Dalek special squad, the Golden Emperor's craft is hit and goes down on a tiny island in the middle of a wild sea. Both ADF agents and Daleks are racing to the island, fighting all the way. The Daleks want to save their leader, the ADF men want the most valuable prisoner they could have. Who will be the first to get there?

Each player is either a Dalek or an ADF agent. Each player has three counters. Players may move in any direction they like, but they cannot change course in mid go. Players may not move onto an inner path unless they land on one of the three squares with spots on. Players can move any one of their three counters each throw. If a Dalek and an ADF agent land on the same square, each one throws a dice and the one with the lowest score goes back to the start. If a player lands on a square containing instructions he must obey them. The winner is the first player to get all three of his counters to the Golden Emperor.


START HERE
SEA MONSTERS – MISS A GO
HURRICANE – MISS A GO
AMBUSH AHEAD – MISS A GO
GOLDEN EMPEROR OPENS FIRE MISS A GO
DOUBLE NEXT THROW
FIRE! MISS A GO
LANDING DIFFICULTY MISS A GO
ESCAPE TRAP – THROW AGAIN
POWER BOOST THROW AGAIN
POWER UNIT FAILURE – MISS A GO
TURBULENT CONDITIONS – MISS A GO